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RAILROADS ILLUSTRATED

Vol. 1/No. 3 — 1981

Cajon Pass Today

London-Paris 'Night Ferry'
Britain's Grand Continental Boat Train

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It was a languid summer day as Connecticut Co. car No. 65 approached the trestle over Meadow Brook in Windsor, Conn., on August 29, 1937.
Collection of the late Gorton T. H. Wilbur

RAILROADS ILLUSTRATED

Mail & Express

This issue's front cover was taken by William T. Morgan and shows Santa Fe diesels SD45, GP35, and GP30 at Cajon Pass on April 11, 1978, with the snow-capped San Gabriel Mountains in the distance. A native Californian and a frequent visitor to the area, Morgan details the kind of motive power seen in the pass these days in a feature article starting on page 8.

The back cover shot, photographed by Jerry Mart, depicts Extra 7042 North, a long Family Lines grain train traversing the verdant countryside near Hopkinsville, Ky., enroute to Evansville, Ind., on April 15, 1981. No. 7042 and the unit immediately behind it are new C30-7's, and the third engine is a slightly older U30C. Jerry tells us that the consist in the photo is typical of the power used on these movements in both directions, being primarily GE-built.

The tall structure seen on the horizon at the top right is Hopkinsville's Sunflour Milling Co., L&N's largest customer in the area.

Gort Wilbur We miss Gorton T. H. Wilbur (1918-1981), the contributor who named our magazine *Railroads Illustrated.* He was born and buried in New London, Conn. His early career was radio broadcasting and public relations. In 1953 he joined the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society and in 1958 was elected a vice president and director of the Society. For more than 11 years he wrote a column for the New York Chapter's newsletter, and for 7 years was *Railroad Magazine's* last associate editor. He also belonged to The Railroad Enthusiasts.

Gort's cheerful personality won him many friends in railfan circles including your editor, who valued his many suggestions and words of encouragement. Some time ago he told us that he'd bequeath his railroad library and large collection of railphotos, mostly New England subjects, to the R&LHS.

Historical footnote Did you know that two men famous in railroad history who lived during years that almost completely overlapped bore the same name, Asa Whitney? The first man (1791-1874) was an inventor and manufacturer. Born in Townsend, Mass., he learned the blacksmith's trade as a boy and set up a machinist's shop at Brownsville, N.Y., and another in Vermont. Hiring out to the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad (first antecedent of the New York Central), he served as master mechanic and then superintendent. In 1842 he went into partnership with Matthias W. Baldwin, whose locomotive works in Philadelphia eventually became the world's largest. He got rich by manufacturing car wheels from an annealing process he invented, became president of the Reading Railroad, and bequeathed $50,000 to the University of Pennsylvania.

The second Asa Whitney (1797-1872), known as "the father of Pacific Railroads," was born in North Groton, Conn., and spent years as a New York merchant and importer. In 1845 he began urging Congress to build a railroad from Lake Michigan to the West Coast, via the South Pass in the Rockies. He toured the country, addressing state legislatures and public meetings, getting in touch with politicians, and writing pamphlets and newspaper articles in an effort to prod Congress into action on this project.

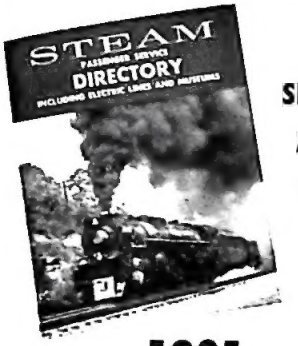
Although he did much to create public support for a Pacific railroad, sectional differences of opinion on its route delayed Congressional authorization for the first U.S. transcontinental line until 1862.

Around the Nation Want to buy a cog railway? The 112-year old line to the top of Mount Washington in New Hampshire's White Mountains, highest peak in the East, is up for sale, reportedly for $3 million. Since 1962 the Arthur Teague family of Philadelphia has owned it. This railway is a going concern. It carries thousands of tourists a year on its steam-powered 3-mile run to the 6,288-foot peak. The property includes 36 acres at the base station, several miles from Bretton Woods, and eight 0-2-2-0 mountain-climbing cog wheel locomotives and passenger cars. At the summit are a weather observatory, a museum, a park station and a cafeteria. Rather than buy the line, the state prefers to have private enterprise run it, according to George Gilman, Resources Commissioner.

Last year, 56,141 people were killed in transportation accidents in the U.S. But how many of these were railroad passengers killed in train accidents? Only four, according to the National Transpor-

A downbound Mt. Washington Cog Railway train approaches Base Station in 1968. Locomotive is the Great Gulf. *Equipment such as this dates from 1869 and is still in use on this summer-season operation. Locomotives are always on the downhill ends of the passenger cars and work against steam on downbound trips to retard the speed.*

Roger Arcara



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tation Safety Board, which recently released the figures for 1980.

While deaths from all railroad-related accidents totaled 584, trespassers accounted for 457 of that number. In addition, 100 railroad workers and 23 contract workers and nontrespassers were killed. Airline fatalities were down 20 percent from 1979, but still amounted to 1,389. As usual, highway accidents took the largest toll: 51,676 people were killed on the nation's roads last year.

Just when it appeared Amtrak would have to be satisfied with a hopelessly inadequate authorization of $613 million for fiscal year 1982, the Senate Commerce Committee on June 10 added $122 million to that amount, thus matching the $735 million already proposed by the House Energy and Commerce Committee. Although the increased funds still mean Amtrak will have to cut back some 15 percent of its present 24,000-mile system, the original figure advanced by the Reagan Administration would probably have finished off most of America's once-proud rail passenger service.

For one thing, it might have meant cancelling the efficient new reservations system that Amtrak has developed since 1971 as well as dropping contractual commitments for new cars, locomotives, etc. The two items alone would have cost the taxpayers some $350 million. And that doesn't include some $200 million Amtrak claims it would have had to pay in labor settlements to over 20,000 employees who would have lost their jobs.

Fortunately for the nation's passenger train riders that won't happen now, but some cutbacks and fare increases will almost surely continue. Already announced were a 25 percent reduction in the 1,400-member headquarters staff based in Washington, D.C., and as yet unspecified cuts in dining car services. And complying with a Congressional order to increase the amount of operating costs paid by its passengers, Amtrak raised most of its fares by 9 percent, effective April 26. A greater increase, 13 percent, affected routes of the *Broadway Limited* between New York, Washington, and Chicago, and the *Lake Shore Limited* between Boston, New York, and Chicago. Fares did not go up between cities inside Texas nor between Portland and Eugene, Oregon.

The Long Island Rail Road in recent years has been plagued by malfunctioning air-conditioners on its fleet of 764 M-1 electric cars, all of which were built with sealed windows. Last summer, when half of the cars were without any cooling on some torrid summer days, sweltering passengers kicked out windows to get air.

Now the LIRR has come up with a solution: they have issued 30-inch-long yellow ropes to conductors. Purpose of the ropes, which cost less than a nickel each, is to hold open the doors at each end of the cars. By means of a metal clasp the rope can be looped around the back of a seat and tied to the handle of a door, thus allowing for air circulation when the air-conditioning fails.

The LIRR reports that its new M-3 cars, due to be delivered in 1983, will have windows that can open. And it claims it is trying to improve maintenance on the old cars, but this has not satisfied angry LIRR commuters who have long complained about inadequate maintenance on the line. Expressing concern about the safety of conductors with their new yellow ropes one critic quipped, "I'm afraid the overheated passengers will string them up."

If the Interstate Commerce Commission has approved a discontinuation of rail service, nobody with a business harmed by such discontinuance can sue for damages. This unanimous U.S. Supreme Court decision reversed an Iowa Supreme Court ruling in the case of the Chicago & North Western Transportation Co. vs. Kalo Brick which permitted a company forced out of business to file a damage suit against a railroad for abandoning, with ICC approval, a local line wrecked by earthquake. The highest tribunal's ruling, written by Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall, said no state could challenge the ICC's authority over such abandonments.

A new Interstate Commerce Commission ruling permits the nation's railroads to raise rates, if they wish, in order to earn a return on their investment equal to the current cost of capital. This year, for example, they could boost rates to earn revenue equal to 11.7 percent of their investment. In 1980 only three roads, all of them relatively small, met or exceeded that figure: the Fort Worth & Denver, a Burlington Northern subsidiary, and two

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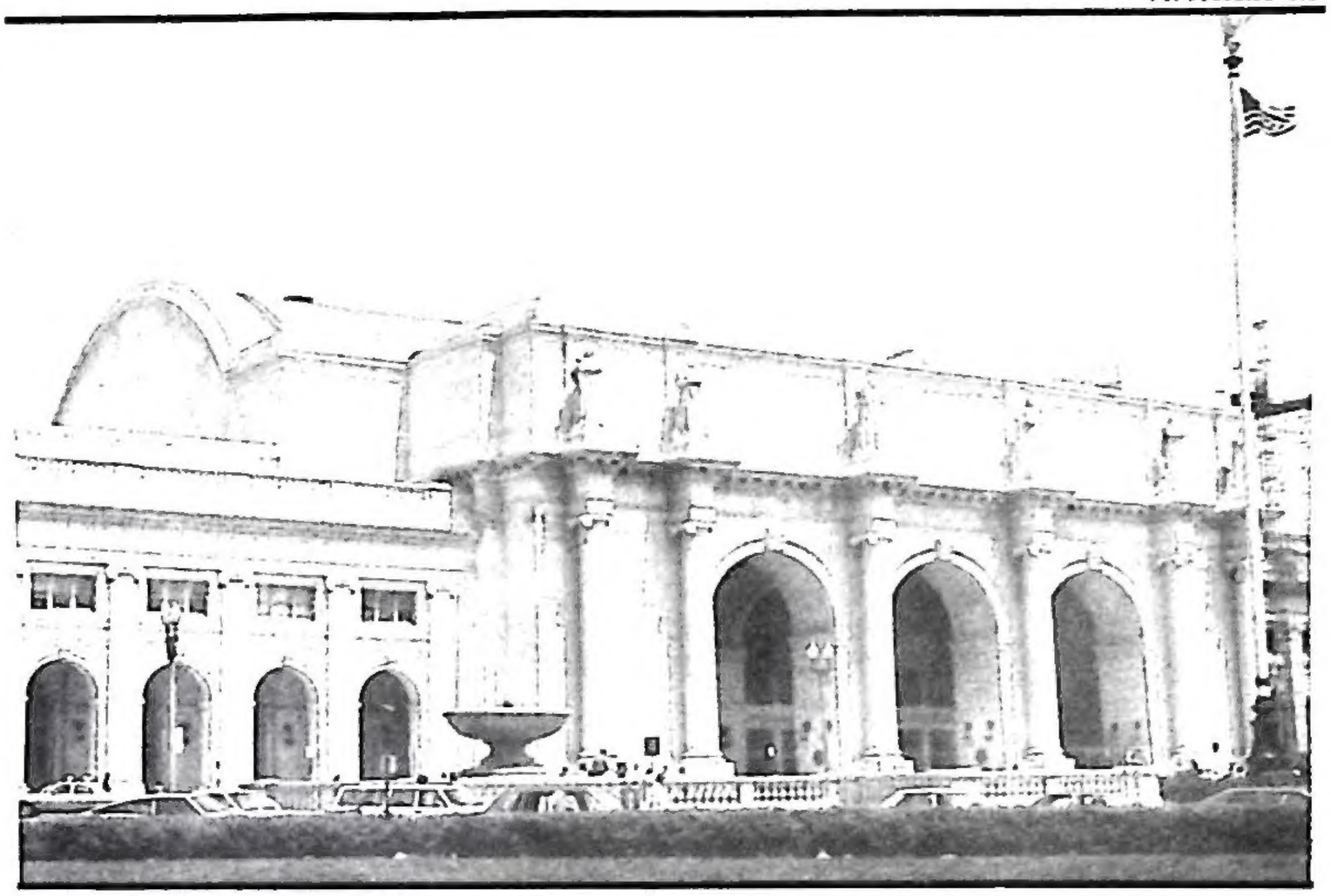
The rail industry as a whole showed only a 4.85 percent rate of return on net investment in 1980, reports the Association of American Railroads, which hailed the new ICC ruling. This was the first time in 25 years that the industry has gone above 4 percent. The roads' net income last year was $1.34 billion, compared to $858 million in 1979. AAR officials attribute the increase partly to record traffic levels, improved utilization of equipment, and additional revenue due to rate adjustments during the year. Furthermore, coal, the number one commodity moved by railroads, was up nearly 9 percent over 1979. Grain did even better, rising 10 percent.

"The new ruling is very important to the industry," enthused Richard E. Briggs, executive vice president of the AAR. "Its full effect will not be realized for several years as we get into deregulating somewhat further, but it is a very sound beginning."

The ICC ruling said: "Railroads can obtain funds for investment only by offering returns comparable to other investment opportunities."

A. Herskovits



$48 million is being spent on renovating Washington's Union Station. The exterior has almost been finished (note scaffolding at extreme right of photo), but major work needs to be done on the crumbling interior. Gateway to the nation's capital, the terminal was first opened for general use in November, 1907.

Washington Union Station, built jointly by the wealth of the Pennsy and the Baltimore & Ohio in the bright noontide of railroading in the early 1900's, has deteriorated almost beyond belief since passenger rail traffic declined in the 1950's and 1960's. Tall pillars still support the white granite walls and from niches in the facade, 25-ton statues of Fire, Electricity, Agriculture and Mechanics gaze down in splendor at the street traffic below.

But inside it is different. The massive doors were once fitted with gleaming brass handles, well polished, each bearing proudly a pair of eagles and the Great Seal of the United States. Benches, doors, and banisters—just about everywhere you looked—were solid mahogany. Stairs and lavatories were marble. Gold leaf decorated the ceiling.

Today, alas! the ceiling is cracked and peeling. Paint and plaster chips litter a formerly luxurious rug, now soggy, where water sometimes forms slimy pools up to 5 inches deep. Toadstools grow rankly in abandoned offices, rats scurry along the dusty upstairs corridors, and pigeons drop their filth from roosts in cobwebs.

For a time, it even appeared as though the roof might collapse, showering debris onto the once-beautiful floor below. Thankfully, there is a happy end to the story. After a great deal of prodding, Congress finally stepped in and appropriated much-needed funds to restore the terminal. Currently, work is proceeding on the roof and, when that's finished, workmen will tackle the considerable job of restoring the great interior.

We don't know at this writing what final plans for the terminal are but there's a possibility, though still a remote one, that one day, as in times past, travelers will again be able to use this great passenger facility for the purpose originally intended for it.

Rogers E. M. Whitaker Known as "E. M. Frimbo, the world's greatest railroad buff" to a generation of readers of *The New Yorker* magazine, Rogers Whitaker died of cancer on May 11th, after a long illness, at the age of 82.

An inveterate train enthusiast from an early age, Whitaker always carried with him a small book in which he precisely recorded mileage figures on his travels. In his lifetime, he logged a total of 2,748,-636.81 miles on passenger trains all over the world. Usually attired on his journeys in a trench coat and homburg hat and looking, as one friend recalled, "like a cross between Winston Churchill and W. C. Fields," Whitaker was a walking encyclopedia of train facts and schedules. As his lawyer, Ronald Konecky told *The New York Times*, "you could call him up in the middle of the night and ask him how to get to Tulsa or Medicine Hat by train and he'd give you all the times and connections."

In addition to his railroad travel pieces, Whitaker wrote nightclub and football columns for *The New Yorker*. He was also a highly skilled editor for the magazine, winning praise from such world-renowned authors as British poet W. H. Auden and American novelist John Updike.

Whitaker was a member of the NRHS and a lifetime member of the R&LHS.

Comments and Corrections It's a well-known fact that you can't please everybody but seven out of eight is a pretty good batting average. I'm referring, of course, to the favorable vs. unfavorable comments on page 4, Vol. 1/No. 2. However, I take exception to Bill McBride's cracks about railroad fiction. I'm sure that like myself, many other readers enjoy these stories and about the only place they can be found nowadays is in *Railroads Illustrated*.

I don't care for articles about diesels but realize many of your readers do, so I just skip what I don't like. Those who dislike fiction can skip the stories and we will all be happy. There is enough between the front and back covers of your magazine to please most readers. Keep the fiction coming.—*Fred Standley, 221 Barker Rd., Michigan City, Ind. 46360.*

One train can carry better than 20 times the passenger load of a bus. There is obviously an energy saving there, and a labor savings as well. But there is no agreement on just what the numbers are. What is needed—and not available—is an honest analysis of the total cost of the construction, maintenance and operation of the highway transportation system for both passenger and freight carriage as compared to that for the national rail system. Without that, the rail-versus-bus argument will settle nothing and is fruitless.—*Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, New York City.*

I was very much impressed with the Winter 1981 edition of *Railroads Illustrated*. The magazine has class, interest-

The Railroads: View from Wall Street

Recent weeks have seen a sideways action in the nation's stock markets.

The high cost of money has been a decidedly negative factor, since it means businesses have to pay more when they borrow funds, thus raising their costs and putting pressure on profits. A positive sign, though, is the increasingly likely prospect of large tax cuts for corporations together with greater depreciation allowances. Both factors seem to be balancing each other off in the minds of investors, thus accounting for the lackluster performance.

With a few exceptions (one of them being CSX, currently trading near its 12-month high of 56 3/8), rail stocks have reflected this trend. Santa Fe, Union Pacific and Burlington Northern's shares are well below their highs, not because the rail industry isn't doing well this year—it is—but because these companies now derive a substantial portion of their revenue from oil and gas operations. With the current world-wide glut, the oil business is not nearly as profitable now as it was this time last year.

Speaking of oil, railroads consume a lot of the stuff in moving freight. We thought it would be instructive to see which Class 1 roads use fuel most efficiently.

Revenue ton miles handled for each gallon of fuel (Class 1 roads):

Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range	1,210
Western Maryland	739
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie	460
Bessemer & Lake Erie	391
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern	355
Fort Worth & Denver	351
Soo Line	329
Chesapeake & Ohio	322
Kansas City Southern	306
Burlington Northern	301
(The three least efficient Class I railroads by this measurement are as follows):	
Denver & Rio Grande Western	197
Boston & Maine	195
Western Pacific	161

Source: Association of American Railroads

ing style and content.

I used to be the chairman of The Bronx County Transit Committee. When I got out of the army I was the one in City Hall who was fighting to keep the five cents fare; now 75 cents, alas. Obviously the next question is, if we need railroads during a war emergency, with our know-how, why can't we learn to operate them more efficiently and competitively?—*Hyman Bravin, Attorney-at-Law, 6 East 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10017.*

Richard H. Cartwright's unusual train ride (Winter '81, page 5) was a bit more unusual than either you or he intended it to be. He related that "the train pulled out of Tucumcari, N.M., on the Missouri Pacific Lines . . .," which is *most* unusual! None of my *Official Guides,* which span more than fifty years, show the Missouri Pacific ever serving Tucumcari. Who gets the 39 lashes with a wet noodle?—*Jim Lane, 3930 Riley Ave., Terre Haute, Ind. 47803.*

(*Ed. note:* I'll line up for the lashes, provided they're not administered with an air hose. Actually, both Mr. Cartwright and myself later realized he meant the Rock Island, but by that time the issue had already gone to press. Tucumcari is also served by the SP. Missouri Pacific is nowhere nearby, though that road does have a branch extending into New Mexico, terminating at Lovington, about 150 miles south.)

Regarding Mr. Cartwright's unusual train ride, the air brakes certainly would have activated on both the detached car and the train—unless, that is, someone had violated the air brake laws (which I assume were in effect in 1944) by not checking the amount of air brake pressure on the rear car. Had there been none, that would certainly be an indication of the problem.

Under normal circumstances of proper air brake pressure, both pieces of the train would have become locked in emergency air brake application caused by the train separation and would have stopped within a mile or so. The conductor and brakeman would have known at once, without notification from anyone, that the train had parted.

Incidentally, the joint SP-Rock Island *Golden State* run ended in 1968. We are doing a complete rebuilding job on the 545-mile segment of that traditional transportation route now that the SP-Cotton Belt has purchased the line from the bankrupt Rock Island.—*Jim Johnson, Public Relations Manager, St. Louis Southwestern Railway, Kansas City, Kan.*

Whoever wrote the caption for the picture on page 11 of the Winter issue either had his tongue in his cheek or his foot firmly implanted in his mouth; and I suspect it was the latter. "Caboose on head end provided close communication between train and engine crews" indeed. Hogwash! No railroad would push a caboose ahead of the locomotive for that reason. A crew might do it for their own convenience on a short branch line or switching run to save a few moves, but it

London Transport

Though London's underground system is not as spotless as this publicity photo suggests, most tourists find that city's subways relatively clean and efficient, but expensive. Today, a 5-mile ride costs 70 pence, or $1.40, one way and $1.90 for a round-trip fare. Photo was taken at Seven Sisters station on the Victoria Line.

isn't likely [illegible] main line drag.

There are many clues to the actual situation in the picture. The markers on the left end of the caboose say that this is the rear end of the train. The pusher, cut in *ahead* of the caboose to avoid the possibility of crushing it should there be an emergency stop, is probably running backward because of a lack of turning facilities at the end of the pusher district. (When necessary to run in reverse in one direction, crews usually preferred to push backward and return light forward.)

A lack of exhaust and the steam drifting toward the cab of the engine, as well as the trainman sitting on the caboose steps, indicate that the train was not moving when the photograph was taken. As there are no other tracks visible which could be used for switching we can be safe in assuming that the stop was not for the purpose of adding the pusher, and the blocked grade crossing is an indication that it may not have been a routine stop.—*Donald S. Robinson, Ferroequinologist, 154 Ipswich St., N. Billerica, Mass. 01862.*

We learn from subscriber Donald A. Somerville of Drexel Hill, Pa., that the photo of New York Central S-3 No. 1144 (page 10 of the Premiere issue) was actually taken by him and not by Harold K. Vollrath, whom we had originally credited. Also, in Vol. 1/No. 2, we noted that the WP&Y runs into Skagway, B.C. Skagway, of course, is in Alaska, not British Columbia.

A predecessor of the pay-car was stubby-bearded Charles Crocker, one of the "Big Four" merchants who built and operated the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific more than a century ago. Riding a big sorrel mare during construction days, dressed in winter like an Eskimo, Crocker patrolled the line, issuing orders and bawling men out. "Everyone was afraid of me," he admitted years later. "I was just looking for someone to find fault with all the time." But once a month the CP's Chinese laborers welcomed him. That was when "Cholly Clocker," as they called him, personally paid each coolie in gold and silver coins. He carried a total weight of about 150 pounds of the precious metals in two saddlebags. Crocker took pride in dispensing this money. It gave him a feeling of importance.

Overseas Like many privately-owned enterprises all over the world, including some big American automobile manufacturers, British Rail is having financial problems. Nationalized in 1947, it closed hundreds of stations and pared more than 9,000 miles of track in the early 1960's; but the 1974 British Railway Act halted that kind of retrenchment by keeping intact as a public service what was left of the rail passenger business.

Even so, the number of passengers on Britain's 12,000 miles of track dropped 3 percent last year, reversing a three-year gain in that number. Due to rising inflation and fare increases of over 30 percent, fewer people can afford to travel by train. Hard-pressed British Rail thereupon closed hundreds of additional stations during off-peak hours and cut passenger-train mileage by up to 5 percent. Now BR may have to sell some of its profitable non-rail assets to raise much-needed cash. These assets include freight and passenger ferry service across the English Channel, 26 hotels, and other businesses. The British Government, with a gigantic budget deficit of its own, is in no mood to bail out its railroad industry, but the opposition Labor Party is vigorously opposed to the sale of these assets. As one Labor M.P. put it: "Why sell off assets that are making money for the railroads?"

For its part, British Rail claims its passenger trains are among the most cost-effective in the world, with the government putting up less than 30 percent of its operating expenses. This compares with a 45 percent state subsidy in France, while in the U.S., the government pays about 60 percent of Amtrak's expenses. Britain's high-speed trains have consistently made money (like Japan's "bullet train" and Amtrak's Metroliner service). The problem lies with the hundreds of money-losing commuter runs and non-high-speed trains between smaller cities.

City transit workers in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, say they will institute a job action to press demands for higher pay. Nothing unusual in that, except for one thing: the workers say they are going to let passengers on the city's streetcars, buses and subways ride free of charge for a full month. They are asking for a 6 percent increase on average wages of $920 a month.

Moscow, we are told, has the world's cheapest subway ride, 7 cents. Rome's underground fare, at this writing, is 20 cents (bus, 10 cents). To ride the subway in Frankfurt, West Germany, during rush hours (6:30 to 8 a.m. and 4 to 6:30 p.m.) costs 76 cents, but at other times it is only about 62 cents—or you could get unlimited subway rides for a card costing $27.25 per month.

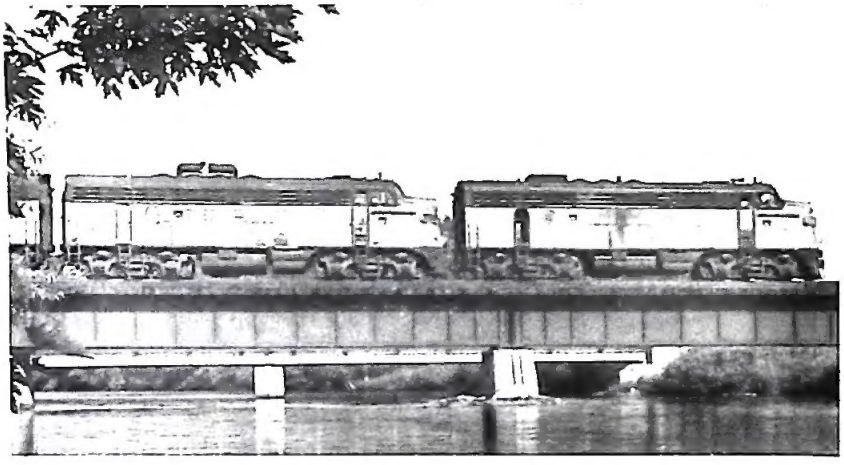
Tokyo's subway fare is approximately 39 cents (bus, 53 cents), but the subway fare may be going up to 70 cents by the time you read these words. Basic fare for commuters on the Japanese National Railways is about 48 cents. London's underground, while quiet and clean, is expensive—fares range from 40 cents to $4.40, depending upon how far you travel.

Many years ago *Railroad Magazine* ran an article telling how rail author Frank Donovan rode 66 miles on New York's subway-elevated system for a nickel without overlapping any trackage. How times have changed! As we go to press, the city's subway and bus fare is 60 cents but is likely to rise to 75 cents any day. □

NEXT

in ***Railroads Illustrated***

★ **Railroading on Michigan's Upper Peninsula:** Rail author Karl Zimmermann explores one of the last remaining strongholds of Alco and Baldwin power in the country, where discontinued Milwaukee Road operations have been successfully taken over by some now-thriving and unusual shortlines.

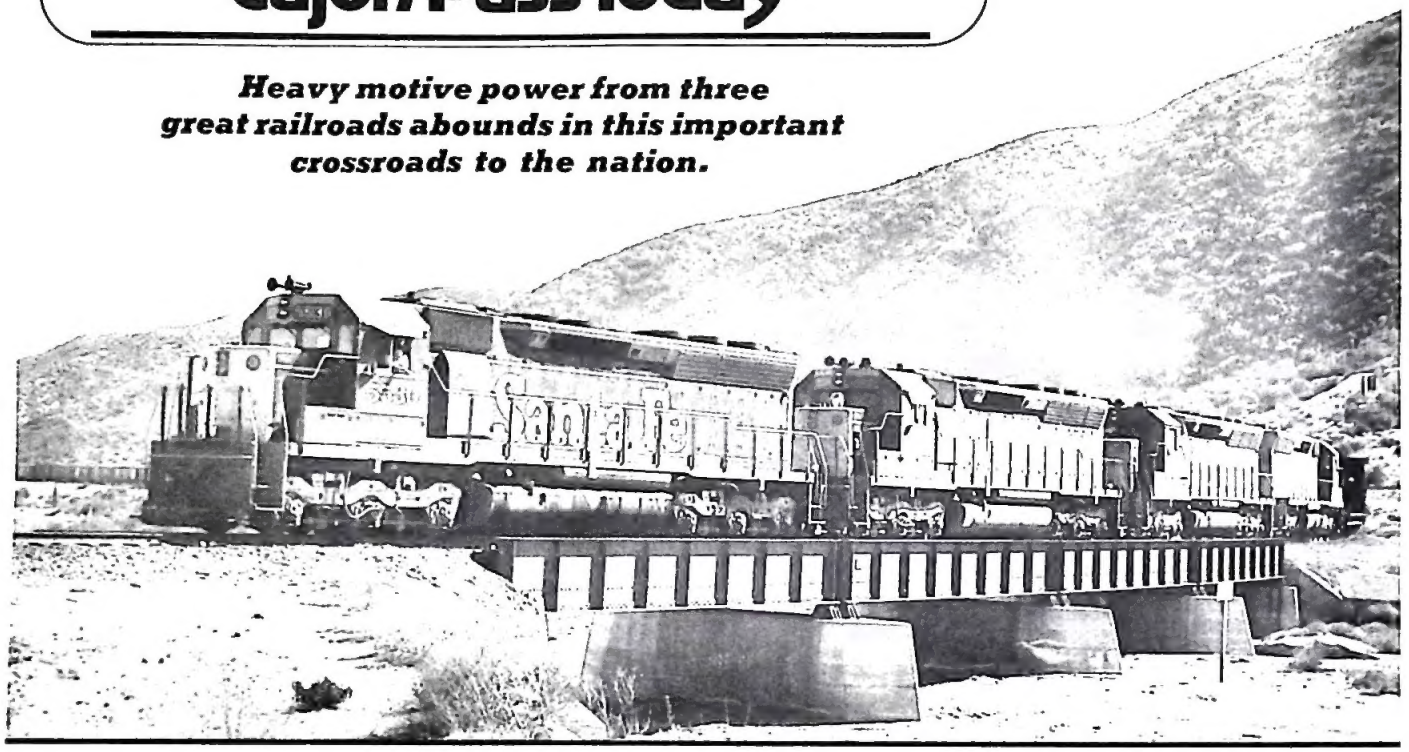


★ **What was Sacramento's Railfair '81 *really* like?** Roger Arcara travels cross-country by train to cover the events for us with a controversial view of what some have called *the* railroading event of the 1980's.

Plus: Our regular departments and a dramatic tale by a top rail fiction author.

Cajon Pass Today

Heavy motive power from three great railroads abounds in this important crossroads to the nation.



On February 28, 1976, four Santa Fe SD45's led a long eastbound freight across Cajon Creek, which is actually a dry wash. The location is near Stein's Hill.

Story and photos by William T. Morgan

Much has been written about California's Cajon Pass, so there is no need for a lengthy dissertation here. But a brief review is in order. Although technically the trains run through Cajon Canyon, the whole area is generally referred to as Cajon Pass. Sandwiched between the San Gabriel and San Bernardino Mountains, the pass is the only logical route from the Los Angeles area to the Mojave Desert and on to the rest of the nation. As such, it is a vital link in moving freight to and from markets all over the U.S.

A predecessor of the Santa Fe ran the first train through Cajon Pass in 1885. The maximum grade in those days was 3% on the west side of the pass, and the peak elevation was 3,822 feet at Summit. Trackage rights were granted to the Union Pacific in 1905 and UP trains have traversed the pass ever since. In 1913, the line through the pass was double-tracked. The new track was installed north of the original line and today is loosely called the North track. As it has only a 2.2% grade, it was logical for eastbound (ascending) trains to use this track; therefore, trains operate left-handed

In the mid-1970's, a Union Pacific motive power lash-up of an 8000-series SD40-2 bracketed by two of America's biggest diesels, DDA40X models, was very common in the Cajon Pass area. The 8000-series locos have a gearing that allows them to move at 83 mph. when lashed up with the DDA40X's. This 64-car westbound train was easing by Summit on July 18, 1976, about to begin the 3% downhill run.

through the pass. Santa Fe trains going through run on the First District of the Los Angeles Division.

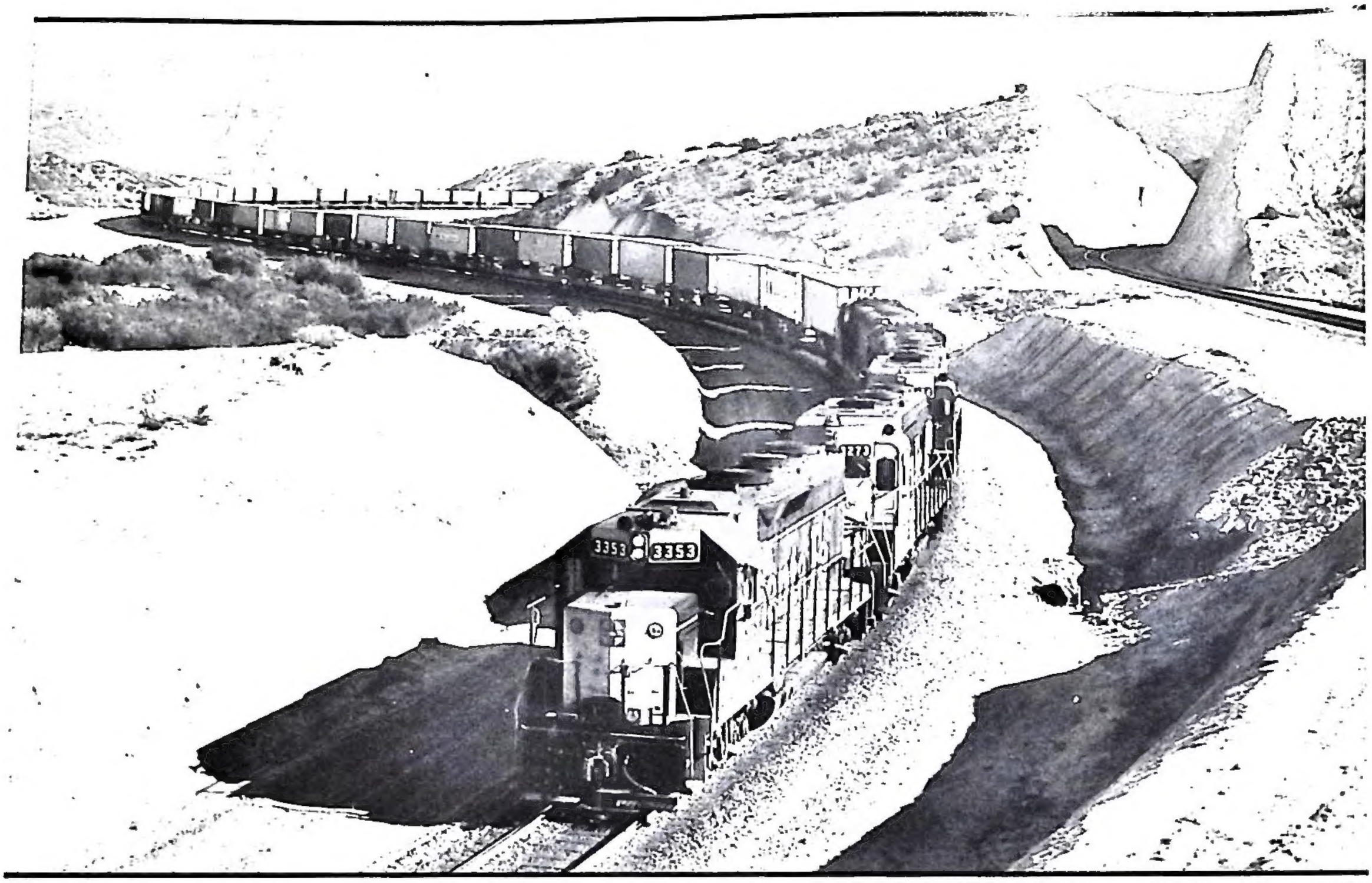
Southern Pacific built their "Palmdale-Colton Cutoff" through Cajon Pass in 1967, using 119-pound continuous welded rail. This line runs just to the west and north of Santa Fe's North track. A 2.1% grade is encountered on the western approach to the top of the pass (which Southern Pacific calls Hiland), and trains going through are on a part of the Mojave Subdivision of the San Joaquin Division. According to SP timetables, trains heading away from San Francisco are eastbound. Thus, SP trains descending the pass are considered eastbound, while descending Santa Fe trains are westbound.

Santa Fe has made several line changes over the years. A major alteration took place in 1972 when three miles of new line was constructed through the Summit area. The new line is about fifty feet lower than the old one, with Summit's new elevation becoming 3,775 feet. The biggest advantage of the new line was elimination of the problem-plagued 10 degree curve just west of Summit: the new line has only a 4 degree curve there.

Santa Fe puts on the biggest show in the pass with as many as thirty daily trains rolling through. They include general merchandise trains, unit coal trains and fast TOFC/COFC trains. Generally, Santa Fe trains are short and fast, with an abundance of power. The most frequently seen motive power consists are 3 to 4 units of the SD40, SD40-2, SD45, SD45-2, F45 types, with an occasional General Electric 6-axle unit mixed in. The older GP30 and GP35's often occur in 5 to 7 unit lash-ups. Geeps and SD's are seldom mixed, however.

In the mid-1970's the Bicentennial SD45-2 units were often seen pulling the hotshot "Super C" train. Pooled foreign power is a rarity and about the only helpers Santa Fe uses are on long D&RGW/UP/ATSF unit coal trains. In April, 1978, one 89-car loaded coal train had four UP SD45's on the point, with a Santa Fe GP35 and three GP30's as rear helpers. On that very same day an unusual event was observed. A 76-car freight, powered by a SD45/SD40/SD40-2 combination, was struggling to make the grade. Another Santa Fe freight, consisting of a F45/SD45-2/SD45 lash-up leading 54 cars, eased up behind the

An eastbound 96-car empty coal train, powered by five Santa Fe GP35's and two SD24's, climbed through the deep cut a few hundred feet below Summit on March 29, 1977. These tracks were installed in 1972. The line previously ran on top of the hill at right of photo.



Older, lower horsepower units are often seen on Santa Fe trains in Cajon Pass. On March 15, 1977, a GP35, two GP30's, and two SD24 units hauled an eastbound TOFC train through an S-curve in the Alray area. Southern Pacific tracks are on the right.

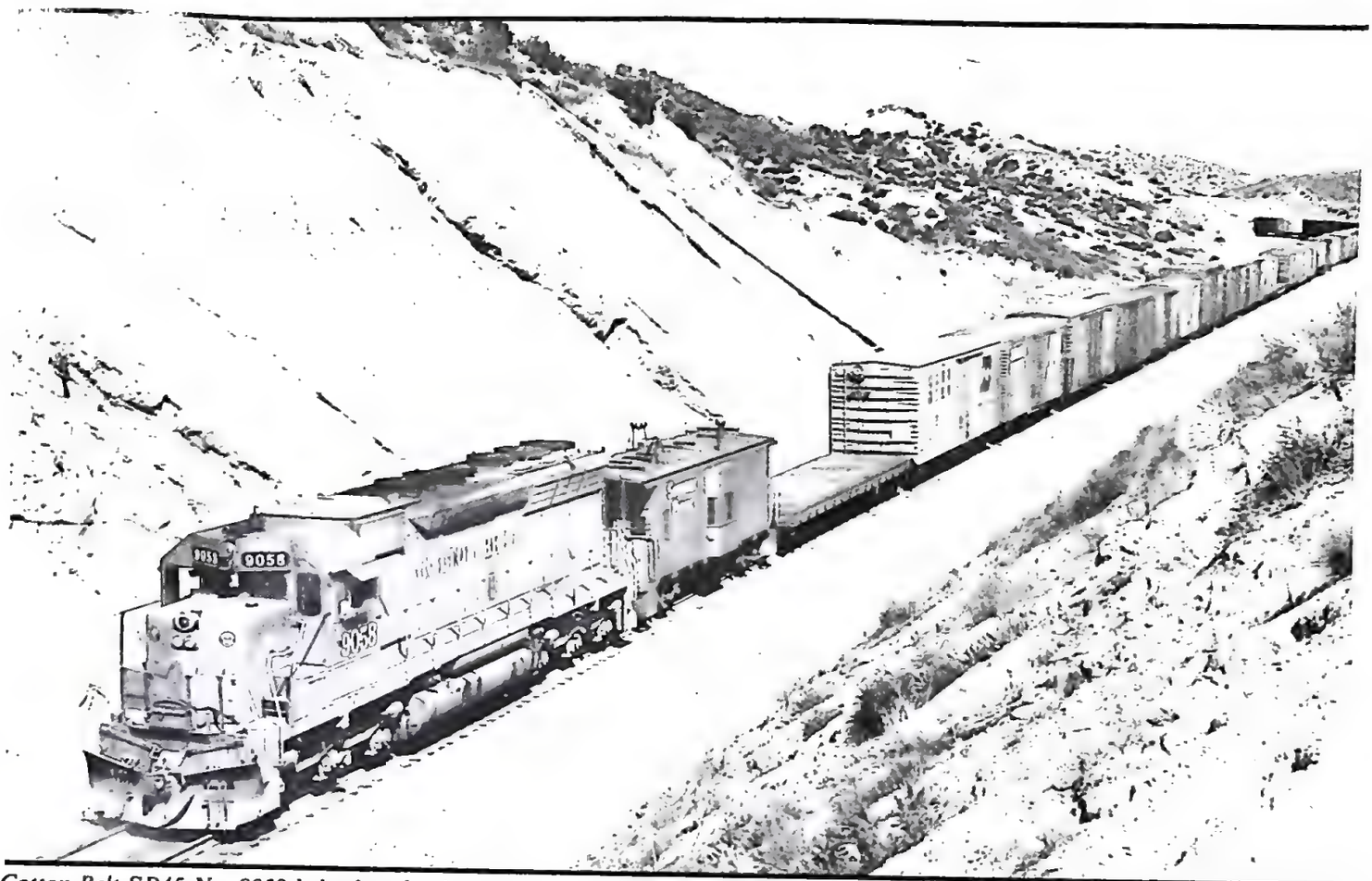
first train, coupled onto it, then helped push it up over the hill.

Roughly fifteen Union Pacific trains run on Santa Fe tracks through the pass every day. UP train lengths vary, but always with generous amounts of horsepower up front. Helpers are extremely rare, except for the unit coal trains referred to earlier. Of the three railroads using Cajon Pass, UP has gone through the greatest motive power changes in recent years. In the mid- to late-1970's it was very common to see two of the giant 6600-horsepower DDA40X units with an 8000-series SD40-2 sandwiched in between (the 8000-series units are sometimes referred to as SD40-2H, the H standing for high speed). They have a 59:18 gearing in order to run at 83 miles per hour with the DDA40X locomotives (Union Pacific's other SD40-2's are geared at 62:15, giving them a top speed of 65 mph). Another commonly seen lash-up of those years was 2 to 3 5000-horsepower DD35A and cabless DD35B monsters. Occasionally a smaller unit, such as a GP30, would also be in the motive power consist.

The year 1981, however, finds the DDA40X units stored and the DD35's being retired and scrapped. Union Pacific has about 800 SD40 and SD40-2 units, and they are now the predominant power in the pass. Also seen are occasional SD45's and General Electric locos, with infrequent appearances of GP30's. The only foreign power normally seen on UP freights are Denver & Rio Grande Western EMD 6-axle units.

As to the Southern Pacific, only about 8 to 10 of their trains use the "Palmdale-Colton Cutoff" each day. They are consistently long, but with barely enough power to struggle up the 2.1% grade. Normal SP power is 3 to 5 units of the three versions of the SD40 and SD45 locomotives (these versions are the standard model, Dash 2 model and the "Tunnel Motor" variant). General Electric units are also occasionally seen and single unit rear helpers are quite common. Cotton Belt locos present themselves on SP trains regularly, but true foreign power is usually limited to a rare appearance of a Burlington Northern unit.

Freight trains don't make up all the Cajon Pass action. Amtrak's *Southwest Limited* goes through eastbound around 11:00 p.m., and westbound about 5:15 a.m. For the railfan photographer that schedule means there is only sufficient light for you to catch a shot of the westbound train during the summer months. However, the *Desert Wind* goes through the pass in both directions during the early afternoon and sometimes the two trains meet at Summit. The *Southwest Limited* used to run conventional cars with SDP40F units on the head end, but now the train is Superliner-equipped—usually about a dozen cars in length—and F40PH locomotives provide the muscle. *Desert Wind* trains in late 1980 and early 1981 were running a strange combination of equipment, including conventional baggage cars and sleepers, *Amdinette* cars, Superliner coaches and ex-ATSF Hi-level coach/dorm cars. Two F40PH's were providing motive power for each train, which averaged six cars in length. Apparently the *Desert Wind* will become all Superliner-equipped during 1981.



Cotton Belt SD45 No. 9058 helped push a long westbound SP freight up the 2.1% grade at Cajon Pass on March 24, 1978. Head end power was an SD40/SD40T-2/SD45/SD40T-2 combination. The helper cut off four miles ahead at Hiland, the top of the grade.

One thing a visiting railfan will like about Cajon Pass is that it is a place of surprises, for no particular pattern seems to exist for the frequency of trains there. On one afternoon you can see four trains in an hour, while on another day you may see only a couple of trains in several hours. I find spending a full day at Cajon Pass with its S-curves, steep grades, towering rock formations and deep earthen cuts to be a very rewarding experience. It's quite a thrill, audibly as visually, to observe a long Southern Pacific freight fighting upgrade at 15 miles per hour. The roar of the straining diesel engines seems to shake the earth, and sand swirls from beneath the wheels of the heavy EMD-SD locomotives.

Yes, Cajon Pass is a fascinating place. But a word of caution is in order for those of you who might want to plan a trip there. During the warmer months be particularly alert for some of the local residents. The residents I'm referring to are rattlesnakes, and their bite is definitely worse than their bark!

Two Union Pacific 5,000-hp. giants, DD35A #70 and DD35B #73B, climb the 2.2% North track pulling an eastbound 97-car freight through the Alray area of Cajon Pass with the San Gabriel Mountains in the background. The large bins mounted along the handrails of the locos are sandboxes. Date is July 2, 1978.

NIGHT FER
The Night Ferry
For over 40 years, Britain's grand Continental boat-train served overnight passengers between London and Paris.
by Theodore W. Scull

The Night Ferry *at London's Victoria Station just prior to its departure for Dover, May 21, 1965. These B-B electric engines, drawing current from a third rail, were used only on this train and in the daytime* Golden Arrow *service.*

Late on the night of October 14th, 1936, a sturdy *Lord Nelson* class 4-6-0 steam locomotive edged past the wrought-iron lattice girders of London's venerable Victoria Station pulling several hundred passengers on their way to the Continent. Thus was born the through sleeping car service of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits between London and Paris via the channel crossing Dover-Dunkerque, known as the *Night Ferry*. It became the consort to the much-touted *Golden Arrow* Pullman train, in service since 1929 and offering the finest day travel between the English and French capitals. However, the latter's passengers always had to change from the cream and maroon Pullman carriages to a cross-channel steamer at Dover and from the ship to another Pullman train at Calais. Only the *Night Ferry* offered through intercity service without any changes whatsoever.

Optimistic views of the *Night Ferry's* value to humanity were somewhat overstated in an initial Southern Railway promotional piece: "If it be true to say that good communications distinctly discourage evil manners, or perhaps provoke good manners, then the construction of the three Channel Train Ferry Steamers on the Tyne for the Southern Railway may well prove to be as important a contribution towards World Peace as any Conference at Geneva."

Ironically, only three years later, World War II came along to interrupt the *Night Ferry's* good intentions. Somewhere it is written that Adolf Hitler made plans to arrive to a conquered Britain aboard this train. Probably the dictator considered the *Night Ferry* to be the finest and most proper way of crossing the English Channel, though fortunately for the rest of the world the trip was never made.

The sleeping cars used in the *Night Ferry* service were specially designed for operation over the slightly different gauges of the Southern Railway and the Chemin de Fer du Nord. The Wagons-Lits Company had 12 of these F class cars built in 1936 at Ateliers de Construction du Nord de la France. They contained nine compartments offering single berth first-class and double berth second-class accommodations. Later, after June, 1956, sleeping car space was sold only to passengers holding first-class tickets, though both single and double compartments were still available.

Some of the original Wagons-Lits cars were destroyed during the war.

Others were built to replace them, but by December, 1947, when the service started up again, only 9 cars were in operating condition. An additional 7 were added in 1952, however, and by 1966 the fleet numbered 20. In normal operation, 6 sleeping cars were assigned to each consist, with 7 or 8 cars the maximum length, plus up to three baggage/mail vans. *Battle of Britain, Merchant Navy* and *Britannia* class steam locomotives were used until 1961 when the train converted to 750-volt DC electric traction.

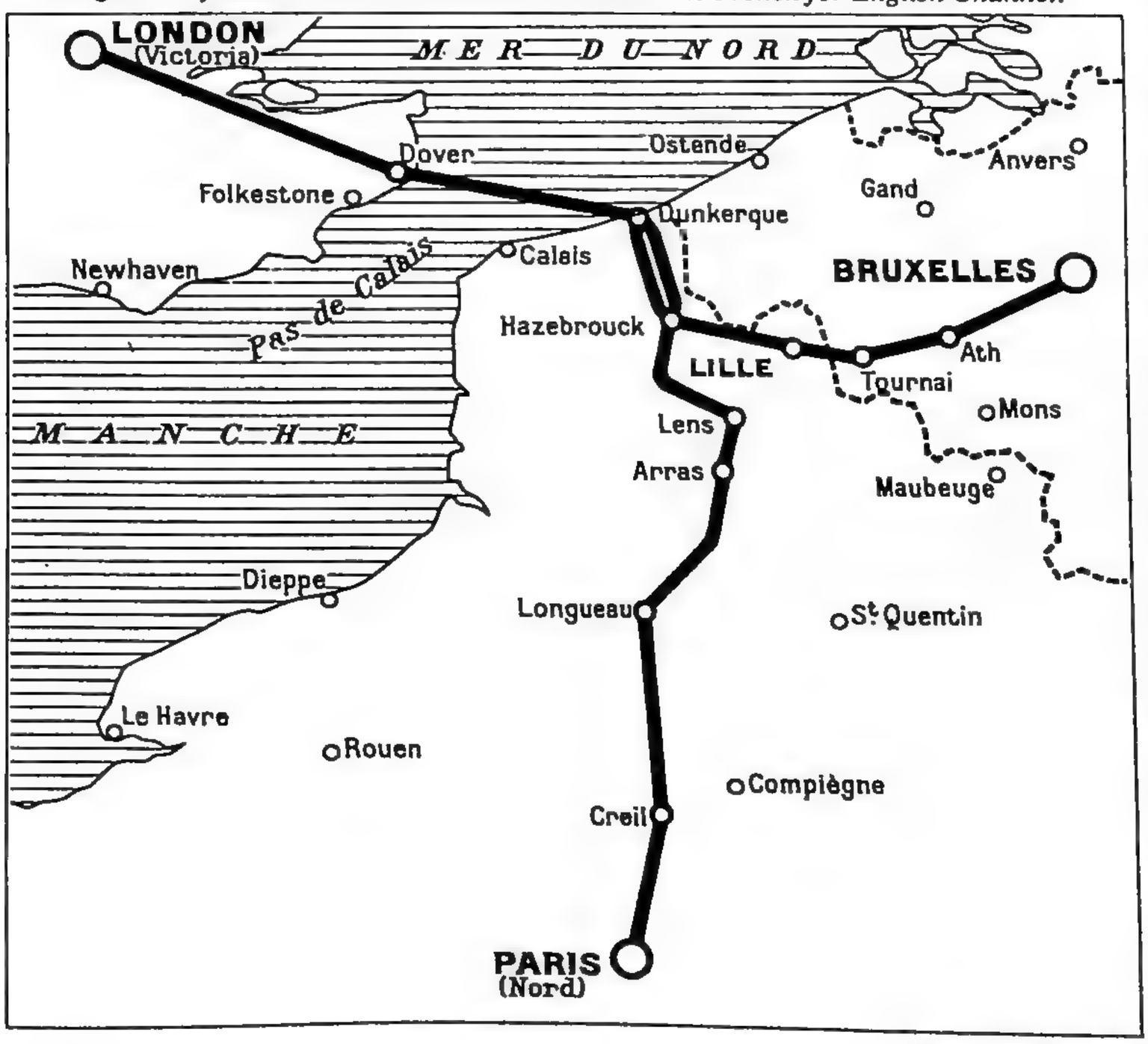
The stately old-fashioned appearance of the Wagons-Lits cars gave the traveler a welcome break from the otherwise unrelieved homogeneity that one came to expect from British Railways. It was particularly gratifying to see the elaborate gilded crest bolted to the side of the handsome deep-blue sleeping cars and spelling out, impressively, the full company name—"Cie. Internationale des Wagons-Lits, et des Grands Express Europeens." In more recent years, when the great named European expresses became a dying breed of accommodation trains used largely by working class people, the portion after the comma and beginning with "et" was removed from the lower band.

In the last years of operation, these cars were amongst the oldest rolling stock in Western Europe and the oldest running over British Rail. With the set of sleeping cars at the end of their economic life, British Rail, which controlled the Wagons-Lits cars from 1977, decided that their replacement was simply prohibitive in cost. Consequently, the service was terminated on 31 October 1980—44 years and 20 days after it commenced with such optimism. By coincidence, the London *Evening News* printed its last edition that same evening.

British Railways (Southern Region)

Wagons-Lits sleeping cars are shunted aboard a coal-burning ferry at Dover, Oct. '52. Soon vessel will cross the English Channel to arrive in France 3 hrs. 45 min. later.

The Night Ferry *had a section to Brussels. "Manche" is French for English Channel.*



Wagons-Lits Company

The three original coal-burning train ferries—*Hampton Ferry, Shepperton Ferry* and *Twickenham Ferry*—were completed in 1934 expressly for the *Night Ferry* service. Two were used on a regular basis while the third acted as a spare and was available for freight movements.

To accommodate the new operation, special docking facilities were built at Dover and Dunkerque. In order to control the great changes in water levels resulting from the extreme tidal conditions in the English Channel—variations of as much as 20 to 30 feet are not uncommon in those waters—so-called "flooding docks" were constructed for the ferries. These were docks with lock gates incorporating pumping installations that could adjust the water to any desired level. They were quite large—the Watier lock at Dunkerque, for instance, was 918 feet long and 130 feet wide. Also at Dunkerque, a 177-foot connecting bridge, or link span, reduced the remaining slope caused by whether the vessel was riding high or deep in the water inside the lock, thus allowing for easy shunting operations.

During the Channel crossing, to keep the railway coaches in place, a uniquely-designed locking mechanism was applied to the undercarriage. It was described in the following way by a popular magazine of the day, *Everybody's*, in a special section devoted to the new service: "There is no danger of the rolling stock on

Pacific types were still pulling the Night Ferry *in France until the 1960's.*

Passengers debark on the Golden Arrow's *inaugural run in 1936 at Calais, France.*

Pre-World War II publicity posters emphasized the luxury and comfort passengers could expect to find aboard Golden Arrow *and* Night Ferry *trains.*

board the ferry becoming 'rolling stock' in even the roughest weather. Squads of men secure the wheels with jacks and chains so firmly that the coaches cannot move on the rails. The highly ingenious locking machanism allows the occupants to enjoy exactly the same stability as if they were sleeping in an ordinary ship's cabin." The real degree of comfort depended, of course, on the weather in the Channel.

For the sitting passengers who had to leave the trains at Dover and Dunkerque and board the train ferries on foot, there was a remarkably wide range of accommodation for up to 500 passengers, though sometimes the capacity figure read as high as 800 passengers.

Above the train deck there were first-class cabins, a ladies and gents room, a smoking room and dining room situated in the forward section, while aft were the second-class smoking room, dining room and general saloon. Below the train deck was located a large group of berths in a second-class saloon or dormitory. The side-by-side funnel arrangements allowed for an open four-track train deck with a capacity for 12 passenger coaches. The ships also had a drive-on garage for up to 25 automobiles on the upper deck. With all the amenities described above, the three 1934-built ferries were a most exciting innovation in rail and ship travel.

In 1951, *St. Germain* was added to the train ferry fleet. Though quite different in appearance, the ship, built in Denmark, was only slightly longer and larger. The passenger accommodation was more modern, yet similar in its amenities, making the four-ship fleet interchangeable.

Of the 500 to 800 passengers carried, again depending on what point in the ship's life one is speaking about, there were berths for 248 passengers—in cabins and sleeping saloons—for the 3-hour 45-minute crossing. On the boat deck, along with the officers' quarters, there was a third-class lounge (later called second-class) and a small handful of first-class single and double cabins.

On the promenade deck, *St. Germain* had a drive-on garage for 25 cars, and forward of that, an 82-seat midships restaurant; also, almost three dozen two-berth cabins, a port side sleeping saloon with 16 berths for women and a similar starboard side saloon for men. The most attractive public room was a large forward 100-seat lounge affording views, normally

Theodore W. Scull

Even in its later days, Night Ferry *equipment was well-maintained. Here, it pulls into Victoria Station on August 26, 1973.*

through darkness, ahead and to each side.

Below the train deck and forward were separate 32-berth dormitories for men and women traveling first class, and in the after section there were 44-berth sleeping saloons for male and female third-class passengers. The original 1934-built train ferries were phased out between 1969 and 1974. *St. Eloi* and *St. Germain* then carried the sleeping cars, with *Vortigern* acting as the relief ship.

The *Night Ferry's* wonderfully anachronistic operation can best be appreciated by describing an actual journey by the author at the very beginning of the twenty-year period of his familiarity with this premier passenger service.

All passengers booked into the blue Wagons-Lits through cars were requested to arrive at a particularly dingy section of Victoria Station at least thirty minutes prior to the 2200 departure time in order to complete the simple baggage and passport precedures.

Upon boarding, and after being shown the first-class compartment by the Wagons-Lits porter, passengers had the option of a late dinner or a nightcap in the restaurant car attached as far as Dover Marine. Later in the period, the restaurant car was withdrawn and only light refreshments and snacks were available in a buffet bar car, but this, too, was later eliminated as a cost-cutting measure. A mini-buffet car was attached for the sitting passengers, whose greater numbers warranted at least a minimum level catering service. Sleeping car passengers had no access to this section of the train which, at peak times, often ran as a separate train.

The swift non-stop rail journey, which after a time lulled many Wagons-Lits passengers to sleep, came to an abrupt end at 2340 when the train arrived at Dover Marine. The sleeping cars were detached from the rest of the train and were manoeuvred for shunting on board the train ferry. A booklet put out by CIWL in the 1950's stressed the complexity of this operation: "The manoeuvring of the coaches on to and off the ships at the two ports is no simple matter. Both at Dunkerque and at Dover, the arrangement of the tracks is such that the train cannot be shunted directly aboard; a great deal of back and forth movement is necessary."

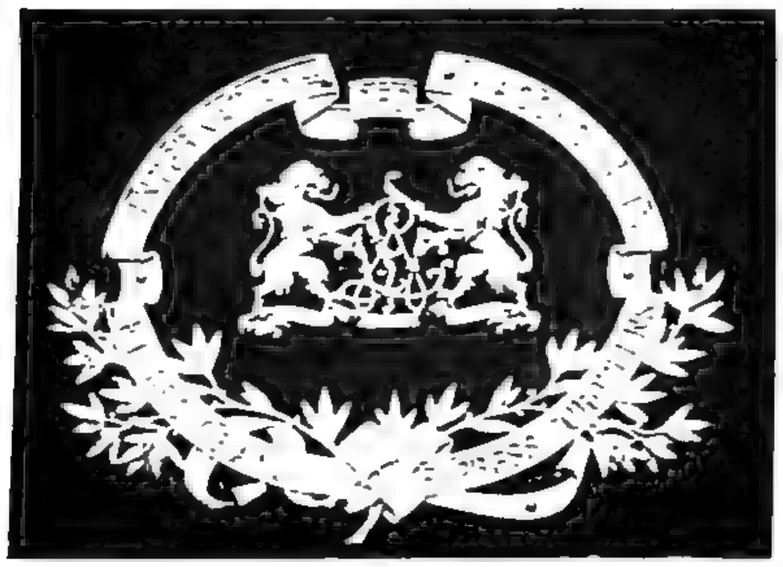
After describing the operation in detail, with accompanying diagrams, the company writer adopted a more congratulatory tone: "These are just some of the problems that had to be worked out to ensure smooth continuity throughout the combined land and sea journey, so that the passengers could sleep soundly and undisturbed whilst being speeded to their destination. The Train Ferry Service reflects the fine teamwork of all concerned in these various organizations and the excellent relations that have always existed between them," i.e. the happy family of British Rail's Southern Region, the French National Railways, the Belgian State Railways and the Cie. Internationale des Wagons-Lits.

According to Wagons-Lits, the passengers were again the beneficiaries during the reverse procedures at Dunkerque. "So smoothly are all these operations carried out that none of the sleeping passengers has any inkling of what is going on. Everything is done in a logical sequence, designed to create a minimum of noise." One word in the quotation needs to be altered: "minimum" should read "maximum."

To a passenger train enthusiast, the breaking apart of the train, the to-ing and fro-ing of the equipment to position the cars for boarding the train ferry, then the hollow metallic sounds while the sleeping cars passed over the connecting link span and into the bowels of the ship were a fine mixture of familiar and unfamiliar sounds. There really was little point in attempting to sleep. It made more sense to raise the window shade, watch the interesting procedure and catch a glimpse of the imposing flood-lighted

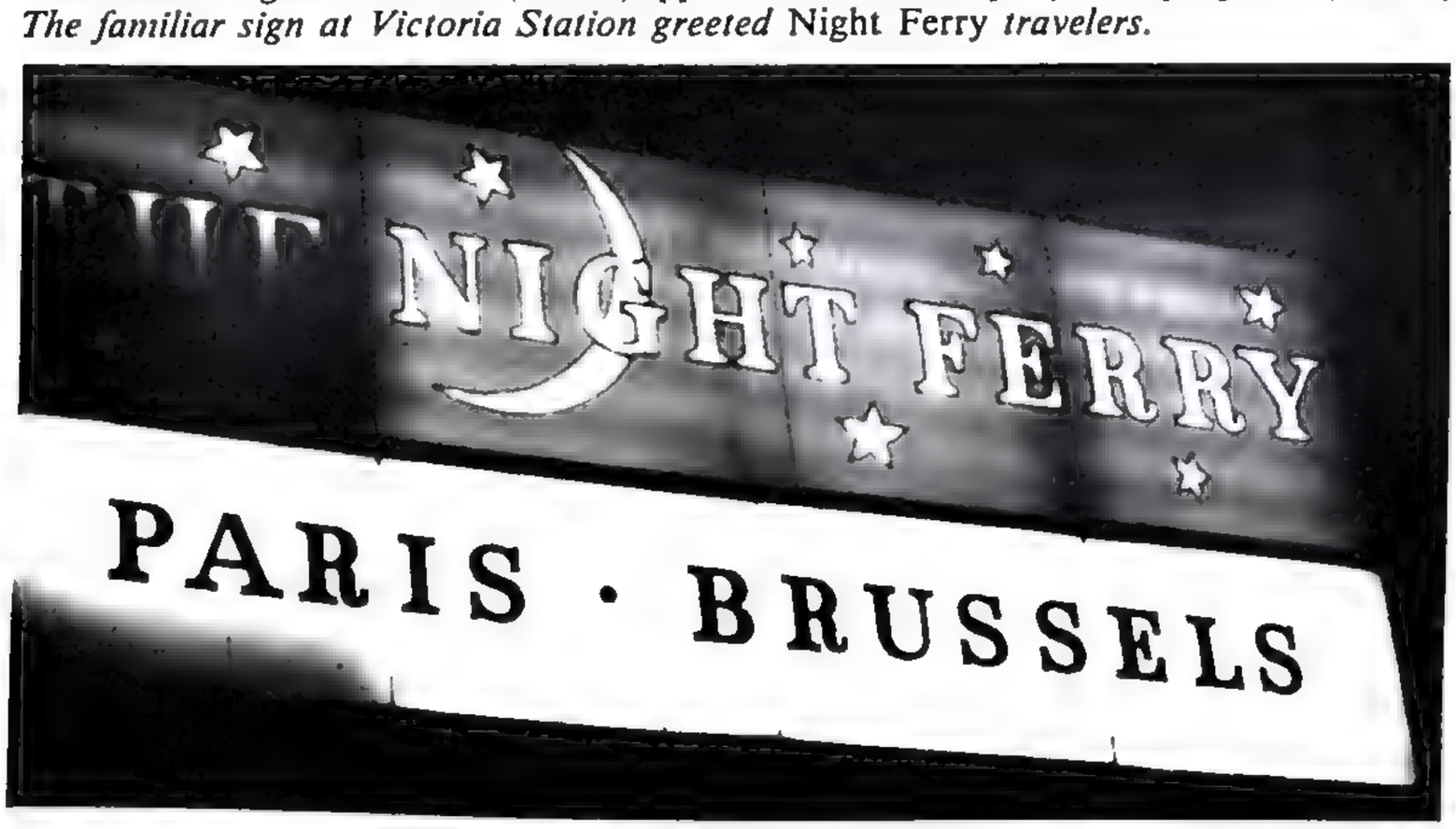
British Railways

Night Ferry *sleeping cars leave the* St. Eloi *train ferry at Dunkerque in the early morning hours of March 8, 1977. Train will now proceed to Paris to arrive at 9:05.*



Two photos by Theodore W. Scull

The ornate Wagons-Lits crest (above) appeared on that company's sleeping cars. (Below) The familiar sign at Victoria Station greeted Night Ferry *travelers.*



awakening and slumbering passengers, most of whom had chosen the *Night Ferry* to save time in order to sleep their way to Paris or Brussels, by rattling the chains and fastenings with an extra measure of glee.

The sitting passengers had to leave the train at Dover Marine Station, and after passing through customs and immigration, boarded the ship on foot. They spent the almost four-hour crossing in the lounges or in a cabin berth or dormitory saloon. Then at Dunkerque Maritime, they left the ship via the gangway for the connecting boat train to their destinations. Since both transfers took place at inconvenient nighttime hours, and fairly close together at that, this means of crossing the Channel was not recommended to everyone.

During the sea crossing itself, the passenger prone in his comfortable Wagons-Lits berth now felt only the natural movement of the ship, an odd sensation especially during a choppy passage. On a calm night—which was more often the case—the Channel crossing was the most pleasant portion of the entire trip. It became easy to forget that one was traveling aboard a train after one lapsed into a half-sleep.

The departure from Dover was scheduled for 0025 and arrival at Dunkerque at 0405. After passing through a set of locks in Dunkerque's harbor, the Wagons-Lits were pulled off the train ferry and attached to ordinary first- and second-class coaches for the short run to Dunkerque Ville Station. Departures in two sections were scheduled at 0512 for Brussels Midi and 0537 for Paris Nord behind SNCF Pacifics until replaced in the 1960's by SNCF 66000 diesel-electrics. Brussels service began in 1957, and for a short period during the winter months in the late 1960's, a London-Basel through sleeping car was operated, with day connections to Switzerland's principal ski resorts. After 1966, the *Night Ferry* was split at Lille for Brussels and Paris, running behind 25kV AC electrics after the mid-1960's.

The line to Paris was kept in fine shape and was smoother than on the British side. It was possible to sleep again, helped along by the accumulated fatigue. When the spirit moved one, there was the option of a full or continental breakfast in the Wagons-Lits restaurant car while speeding across Picardy. After the restaurant car was discontinued, a continental tray breakfast was served

fortifications of Dover Castle beyond the seafront crescent and high up the white chalk cliffs. Frequently, one was treated to a second look at the ancient monument if the sleeper was pulled back from the train ferry and moved to another of the four tracks.

The railway men who chained the coaches to the deck were not known for their whispering ability, thus adding to the din. In fact, it is probable that they took some delight in

...the compartment by the sleeping car attendant. Arrival in Paris at the Gare du Nord was scheduled for 0905 and in the three Brussels stations—Midi, Central and Nord—shortly before that. Due to the convenient arrival times, travelers could look forward to a full day in the capital city of their destination.

I found the *Night Ferry* service intriguing enough to travel the route four times between July, 1958, and December, 1966. After that date, however, the fare was simply too expensive to justify the trip, which I always undertook more to watch the wonderful activity of the shunting manoeuvres than to have a good night's sleep. It is sad to see this reminder of a more graceful age disappear from the timetables; the blue and yellow illuminated sign, seen while passing through Victoria Station, was a welcome sight at any time of the day or night.

Fortunately, other European train ferry services which carry through sleeping cars and can be considered in the category of night crossing still survive as of Summer, 1981, although only one has a sea portion of any length. They are, with sea crossing times given in parenthesis:

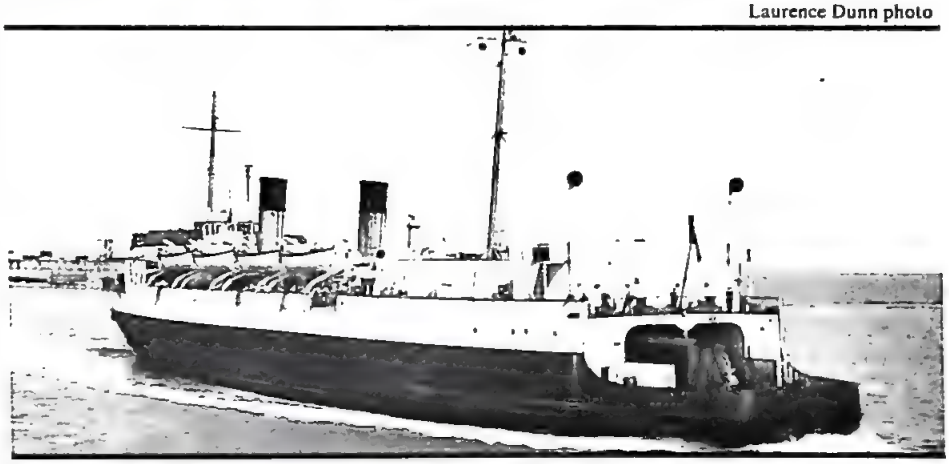
1. **Puttgarden, Germany/Rodby, Denmark** (1 hour) for the *Nord Express* from Paris and Ostend to Copenhagen; and the *Hamburg Express* from Hamburg to Stockholm.
2. **Helsingor, Denmark/Helsingborg, Sweden** (20 minutes) for the sleepers from Copenhagen to Stockholm and Oslo.
3. **Gedser, Denmark/Warnemunde, East Germany** (2 hours) carrying sleepers of the *Ostsee Express* from Copenhagen to Berlin, Warsaw and Moscow.
4. **Trelleborg, Sweden/Sassnitz, East Germany** (4 hours) transporting the *Sassnitz Express* sleeping cars from Oslo, Stockholm and Malmo to Berlin, Warsaw and Moscow; and the *Berlinaren* sleeping car from Stockholm to Berlin.
5. **Villa San Giovanni/Messina, Italy** (35 minutes) with sleepers of the *Conca d'Oro, Freccia del Sud, Treno del Sole* and *Treno dell'Etna* from Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples to Palermo, Catania and Syracuse in Sicily.

The remaining few train ferries transporting only day coaches or couchette cars are not included in the above list. With the operation of train ferries so frightfully expensive, we are not likely to see any additions to the short list currently printed in the pages of *Thomas Cook International Timetable.*

Theodore W. Scull

The Danish-built St. Germain *pulls into Dover, England, in August, 1976.*

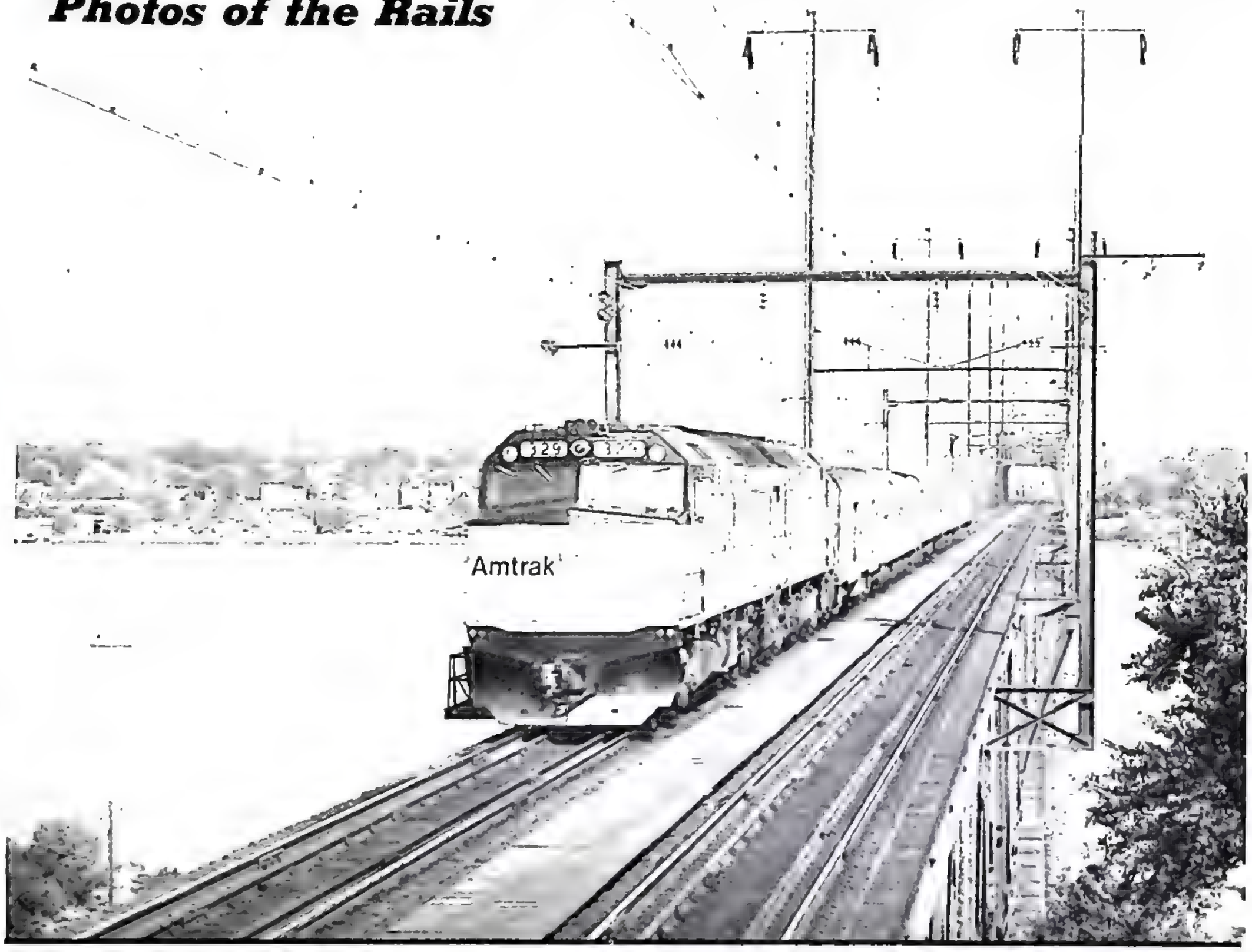
Laurence Dunn photo



The coal-burning Shepperton Ferry *was built in 1934 for use in* Night Ferry *service.*

Train Ferries Used in the *Night Ferry* Service.

Hampton Ferry—2,989 gross tons. 360 x 63 feet. (British flag.)
Shepperton Ferry—2,996 gross tons. 360 x 62 feet. (British flag.)
Twickenham Ferry—2,839 gross tons. 366 x 61 feet. (French flag from 1937.)
All built: 1934 by Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, Newcastle.
Engines: steam turbine, twin screw.
Service speed: 16-17 knots.
Passengers: 200 first, 300 second. 500 total
Passenger railway coaches: 12. Also drive-on facilities for 25 cars.
Disposition: *Hampton Ferry,* sold Nov. 1969 to Chandris Lines, Greece; *Shepperton Ferry,* sold Sept. 1972 to Spain for scrap; *Twickenham Ferry,* sold May 1974 to Spain for scrap.
St. Germain—(French flag).
Built: 1951 by Helsingor Skibsvaerft, Elsinore, Denmark.
Tonnage: 3,266 gross tons.
Dimensions: 380 x 61 feet.
Engines: diesel, twin screw.
Service speed: 17 knots.
Passengers: 500 in two classes. Berths for 248.
Passenger railway coaches: 12. Maximum 14, plus railway wagons; also drive on facilities for 25 cars.
Route: for all train ferries—Dover/Dunkerque. The *Night Ferry* service operated between London (Victoria) and Paris (Nord) and Brussels (Midi). Brussels service began in 1957.
St. Eloi operated with *St. Germain* until the end. *Vortigern* acted as the relief ship.
N. B. *Night Ferry* Wagons-Lits service ended 31 October 1980.



The Broadway Limited, *now a showcase train for Amtrak, has seen a dramatic improvement in its on-time performance and ridership figures since it was equipped with HEP converted "Heritage Fleet" cars and F-40's in April 1980. The Washington, D.C., section was on time as it crossed the Susquehanna River bridge southbound at Havre de Grace, Maryland, on October 5, 1980.*

Alex M. Mayes, 2754 Goodwin Court, Falls Church, Va. 22046.

A five-car Mississippian Railway freight, led by Alco S-1 No. 321, trundles through the countryside south of Smithville bound for Amory, Miss., on April 2, 1981.

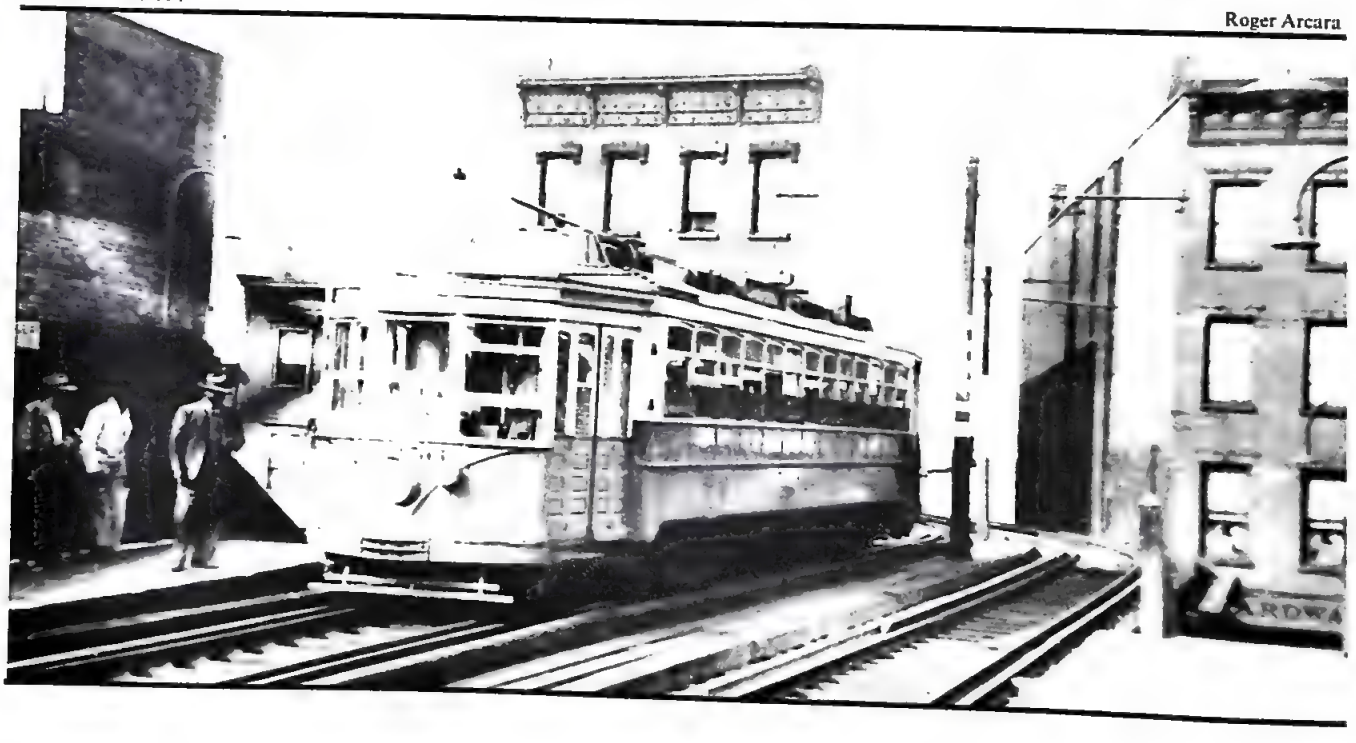
David Hurt

Brian R. Woodcock

This sylvan setting is only a few miles southwest of Wilmington, Del., on the steam-powered Wilmington & Western R.R. One of 11 steam engines on the roster, old No. 98, an ex-Mississippi Central Alco built in 1909, is a long way from home as she crosses the Wooddale trestle over Red Clay Creek on former B&O trackage.

A southbound car stops at the Newark Avenue station of Public Service Co-ordinated Transport's Central Avenue elevated trolley line in Jersey City in 1946. The line connected this area with the DL&W Railroad terminal in Hoboken, N.J., and was abandoned in 1949.

Roger Arcara



Amtrak's East Coast Birthday Display

Visitors to Amtrak's Family Day in Washington, D.C., wait to walk aboard a Superliner train. Built by Pullman-Standard, the bi-level cars can operate at up to 100 mph.

Newspaper editorial writers who argue in favor of cutting Amtrak's budget to the bone invariably make the point that the American public is simply no longer interested in riding passenger trains. They should have been trackside behind Washington, D.C.'s, Union Station on Sunday, May 3rd, for they would have seen several thousand people doing nothing more complicated than inspecting locomotives, viewing the latest Superliner cars and generally enjoying themselves in the presence of $43 million-worth of Amtrak's latest equipment.

Billed as one of the rail corporation's "Family Days" (others are planned for Minneapolis-St. Paul, Albany, and San Francisco), the public display coincided with Amtrak's 10th anniversary and featured free train rides, multicolored balloons (while they lasted) and informal tours by friendly personnel.

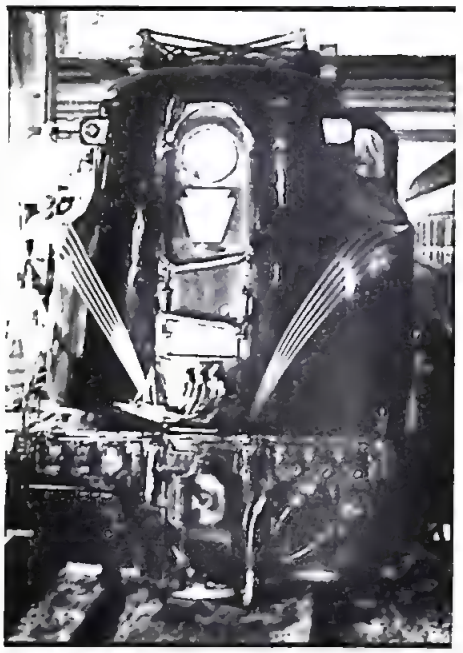
The most popular attraction was a full-length Superliner train. The wait to get aboard to walk through the sleek cars was over an hour, but that didn't bother the good-natured crowd. And standing there in the sunshine, waiting on line, one was left with the unmistakable impression that whatever it is that binds ordinary people with trains—and has done for well over a century—is still there. As one woman behind me said, to no one in particular, *I'm going to take one of those trains out West someday.* I bet she will, too.

Oh yes, and for the edification of those editorial writers referred to earlier, Amtrak tells us that a total of 680 trains have been completely sold out this summer. In a recent month, 400,000 people had to be turned away for lack of space on some trains out of Chicago and Los Angeles.

Doesn't sound like the public is shunning rail passenger travel, does it?

—Albert Herskovits

A hopeful logo for a challenging decade.



GG-1 No. 4935 was a popular attraction.

Motive power new and old: a modern Amtrak passenger engine next to GG-1 No. 4935.

On Track in the Diesel Age

with Jim Edmonston

4-8-4 No. 614 thunders through Prince, W. Va., on October 18, 1980, hauling the 17-car Chessie Safety Express *on a Huntington-Hinton round trip.*

Robert T. Clark, 1605 W. 25 St., Sanford, Fla. 32771

THE PREMIERE ISSUE of *Railroads Illustrated* was still warm on the table last November 1 when I put diesel thoughts on the back burner and enjoyed the fine sight of C&O's 4-8-4 No. 614 loading passengers at Cincinnati Union Terminal. Such a thing just isn't done these days since no passengers are handled through the restored terminal, though there is a possibility that Amtrak might move back from its River Road pre-fab. The occasion last November was the Chessie Safety Express, an 18-car extravaganza of a train, whose stated purpose was to point out grade crossing safety to the public, but which was run as a good old-fashioned Steam Special!

Handling the heavyweight consist, No. 614, now owned by Ross Rowland but built in the late 'forties by Lima for the Chesapeake & Ohio, is a prime example of late steam super power. C&O called its very few 4-8-4's "Greenbriers," not "Northerns," of course, and they were used on passenger runs mainly between Russell, Ky., and Clifton Forge, Va., through the rugged Allegheny Mountains. In their last years they lugged coal out of the mountains into Russell along with 2-8-4's, 2-6-6-6's, 2-10-4's and a few leased RF&P 4-8-4's. No. 614 spent at least ten years rusting away at Russell until she was sent to the B&O Museum in Baltimore and outwardly restored as an exhibit. When the C&O's roundhouse in Silver Grove, Ky., burned, taking with it ex-Reading 4-8-4 No. 2101, then stored there, the Chessie System made a deal with owner Rowland which saw 2101 assigned to museum duty while 614 was fully restored for service. While we bemoan the loss of No. 2101, we thank the powers that be for the choice of No. 614. She is truly a sight to behold!

The 614 and her train were stored at Oakley Yard between trips, and at 8 a.m. on that clear November day she and her train were piloted to Union Terminal by one of the B&O's GP-9's, no. 6680. She made a classic picture with the terminal in the background, although Greenbriers were not used out of Cincinnati regularly; C&O steam days saw F-19 Pacifics, streamlined 4-6-4's and steam turbines on this end of the line. While waiting, we were treated to the newest in motive power: four Southern GP-50's backed in on a freight and headed south. But the weekend belonged to the 614. She performed beautifully, making two round trips to Ashland, Ky., then moving east on the B&O in midweek, heading for winter storage and servicing at the Hagerstown, Md., roundhouse made famous by the Western Maryland.

I understand one thing that might get some attention is the right-side piston cage. Reports are that a bolt was dropped from the smokebox into this area and that the steam pressure blew it through the cage, causing an extra steam port to be exposed at certain speeds and valve settings. This gave the engine a rather peculiar offbeat exhaust. Did you ever hear a three-cylinder engine work? Sort of chuff—*chuff* chuff. See you this summer, No. 614!

WE HAD BARELY had time to settle back to normal when tragedy again struck the Chessie System. On November 18th the last roundhouse in Cincinnati, B&O's old Stockyards Enginehouse, burned to the ground, taking with it new SD-20-2 no. 7701, NW-2 9550, SW-1200 9620 and SW-900 9425. This 13-stall house was originally built in 1909 with nine stalls, enlarged in 1922, almost totally rebuilt after the 1937 flood, and remodelled for diesel use in the 'fifties. No. 7701, built from an SD-35 at Cumberland for use as hump power here, was badly burned and sent to Cumberland for disposition. She is a "Jonah" or "jinx" loco, having broken down or been derailed three times in her one year of life, and now this. She was in the roundhouse due to electrical problems at the time the fire broke out. We understand that the switchers will be scrapped outright. Question: Where will Chessie (now CSX) maintain its locos in this area?

RICHARD D. RAUTIO, 1245 Pursell Avenue, Dayton, Ohio 45420, is a railfan with a specialty: he is an authority on the H.K. Porter Co., the Pittsburgh, Pa., locomotive builder. Porter started with steam way back in 1866 as the Smith & Porter Co., then became Porter, Bell & Co., and finally the familiar H.K. Porter Co. Production consisted primarily of light industrial-sized locos, although Porter did produce mainline-sized engines on occa-

sion. Many little saddle-tankers and narrow-gauge pots used on the construction trains of today's big systems were Porters. Sugar cane roads, mining lines, steel mill intra-plant railroads and the lightest shortlines all were good customers.

Porter sent many little steamers to Central and South American lines and the familiar shield-shaped builder's plate may still exist in these remote areas. Porter's largest steamer was a 2-8-0 for the Monongahela Railway, but my favorite Porter was a 4-4-0 used on the Louisville, New Albany & Corydon. Porter's production of "Fireless Cookers" (steam storage locos) still claims active members. The units I am most familiar with are those of the Potomac Electric Power Co. in Washington, D.C.

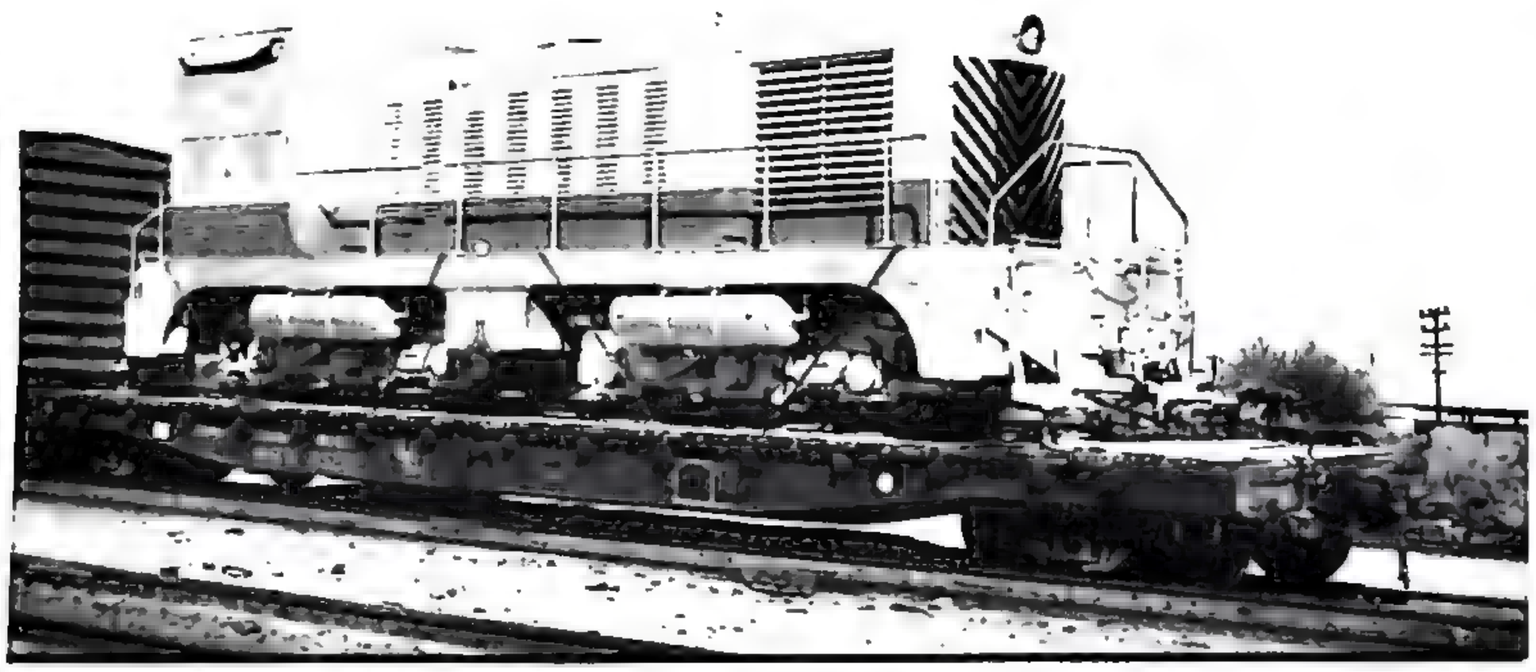
In 1911, Porter built its first gasoline engine; in 1930, the first diesel-electric, shop no. 7148, which was demonstrated but never sold. A total of 287 internal-combustion locos were built, including diesel-electric, diesel-mechanical and gas-mechanical units. In 1950, Porter Left the market and sold its designs to the Davenport Locomotive Works of Davenport, Iowa. Davenport itself quit in 1956.

the Porter "box" headlight casing quickly served to set the unit apart. Also, the loco is 36-inch gauge.

U.S. Gypsum's operation is hell on diesel locomotives. The powdery material is moved in 70-ton hoppers on a 29-mile railroad that is 170 feet below sea level and boasts temperatures of up to 120°F nine months a year. It was soon found that the powerful little 1203 needed more air and the remedy was major rebuilding of the front end. The radiator was moved from the front of the nose to the sides, in Alco fashion. This was the ticket, and the locomotive operated in this bake-oven service until 1978, when it was put on standby. In 1979, it was moved to the Genessee County Park and Recreation's property in Flint, Mich., where it will operate on that organization's tourist line, the Huckleberry Railroad. Still in U.S. Gypsum's aluminum and blue, this rare little beauty must think she's in Heaven after all that heat!

Dick Rautio wants to know if you have a Porter loco in your area, in service or not. He knows the whereabouts of 275 Porters. Drop me a line and I'll run results in this column. Or contact Dick directly. Also, does anyone have a Porter gas-mechanical catalogue for sale or trade?

Photograph by Richard D. Rautio



Built in 1946, this 600 hp. Porter diesel served for over 30 years as U.S. Gypsum's No. 1203. She is seen at El Centro, Calif., in Nov. 1979 enroute to Flint, Mich.

One of Porter's largest diesels was a one-of-a-kind end-cab switcher which was started on the Porter floor in 1945 as possibly an export unit, but was ultimately sold to U.S. Gypsum Co. in Plaster City, Calif., in 1947. U.S. Gypsum's 1203 carries a shop no. 8096, dated 1/46. She is Porter's only 6-motored unit, with a C-C wheel arrangement, weighing 75 tons and powered with a Cooper-Bessemer 6-cylindered FWL-6t. This is the same power plant used in General Electric's familiar 70-tonner, although GE rates their units at 600 hp, while Porter claimed 660 for the 1203. Traction motors are by Westinghouse.

At first glance, U.S. Gypsum 1203 must have looked like a small Baldwin, with front radiator grille, squarish cab, curved underframe sides and massive pilot. But

THE *Baltimore Sun* of Dec. 28, 1980, carried a very interesting story on the aging GG-1's. Of course, only Amtrak and the New Jersey DOT own any GG-1's these days which means that all the ones left and in service are pulling passengers. The last count I saw was 22 on Amtrak and 13 on the N.J. DOT. I assume that all heavy repairs are done at the Wilmington, Del. (old PRR) shops.

The article projected that all GG-1's will be gone from Amtrak this summer, no mention of those on N.J. DOT. The *Sun* also had it that no. 4935 "is destined for the Smithsonian," but I had heard that the Strasburg museum wanted her. I understand that Amtrak will sell a "qualified" museum a GG-1 for $5,0[illegible] Anyone got a place in the backyard that' 80 feet long and will support 230 tons?

Actually, I grew up with the GG-1, being born two years after No. 4800 and living in the Washington, D.C. area. There wasn't a day when I would go downtown to watch trains that I wouldn't see a GG-1. They ran like streetcars out past the Ivy City Terminal along New York Avenue. They worked a lot of freight in their time, with the oldest ones assigned to freight-only as the P-5's were retired. GG-1's are the epitome of Big Time railroading to me, and now, living in the non-electrified Midwest, there's a good chance I'll never see another one in operation. I don't like the prospect.

Along those lines, it seems as though progress is being made toward electrification of Conrail trackage between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, a dream that has been put on the shelf time and again. There's nothing definite to report yet, but Thomas Larsen, Secretary of Transportation for Pennsylvania, says that the present State administration is completely behind such a project. Conrail wants some State aid, but the project would mean 3,000 new jobs and another market for Pennsylvania coal. Of course, if it happens, it'll mean new locomotives, too. *Then* you might appreciate those GG-1's, Conrail.

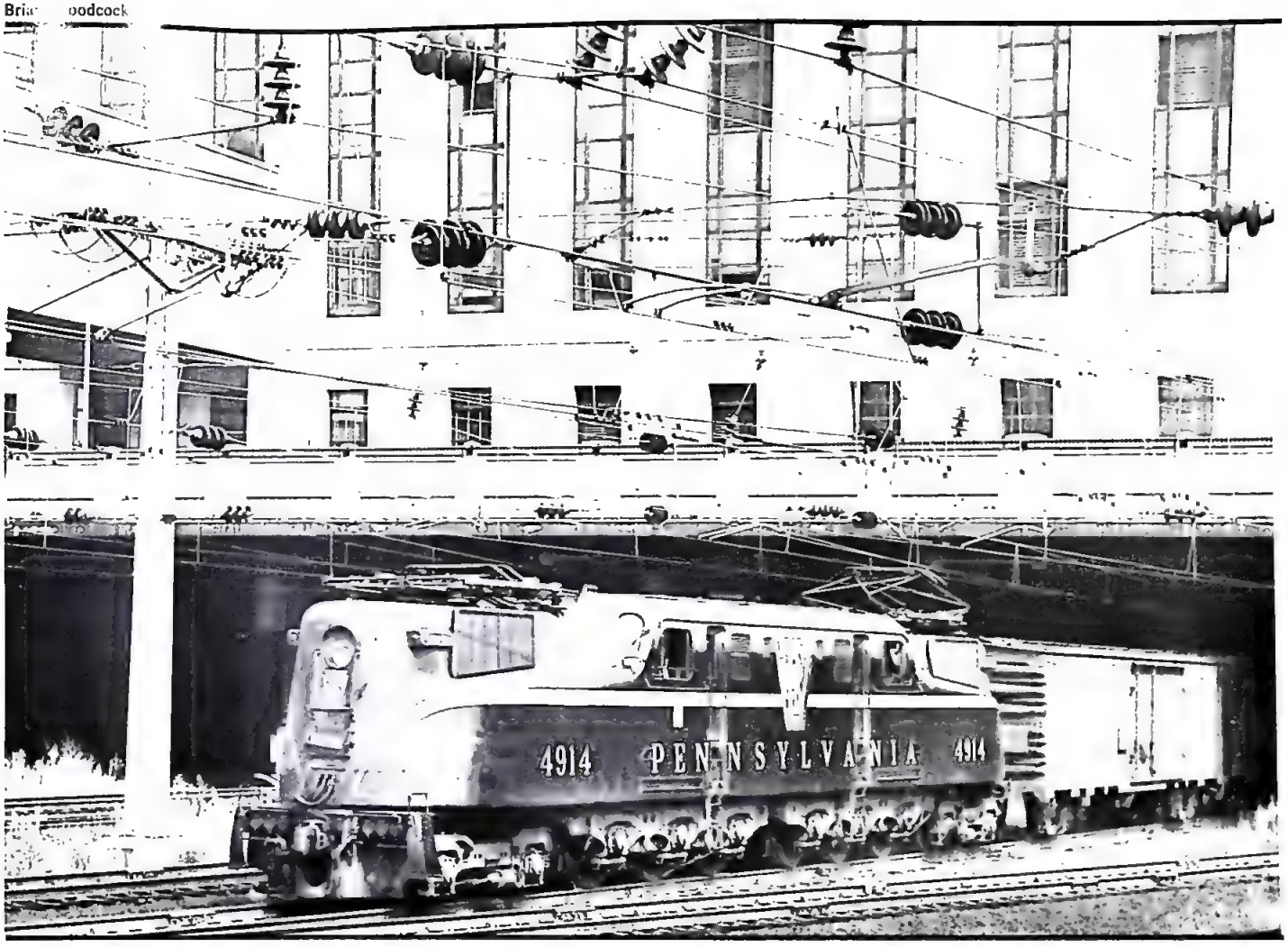
Staying in the East for a minute, John McDade, 429 Range Road, Baltimore, Md. 21204, reports that the old Northern Central (Baltimore-York, Pa.) roadbed has been turned into a bike trail from York to the Maryland line by the State of Pennsylvania. Maryland's end of the line is not included as Baltimore County ran into too much opposition from the neighboring farmers. This old PRR line was never much on traffic density, but it did run passenger trains with K-5 Pacifics and FP-7's, not to mention RS-1's, gas-electrics and other such oddities.

The Baltimore & Annapolis roadbed in Arundel County, Maryland, will also be a bike trail when all property litigation is over. I assume this is south of Glen Burnie to Annapolis. Think of it—what other State capital suffered all its life with branch-line rail service (B&A, WB&A until 1935) and hasn't seen a passenger train in 30 years?

The Ocean City Western, which opened the old PRR line from Berlin, Md., to Ocean City in the mid-'70's for summer tourists, is now very inactive, although the GM-EMD SW-1 (ex-Maryland Port Authority) and coaches are still on the property at Berlin. Crossings have been paved over.

If you've ever ridden Amtrak's Northeast Corridor north of Baltimore you have crossed the famous Susquehanna River Bridge at Perrysville. It's a beautiful truss bridge, but it's 74 years old and badly in

Brian Woodcock



GG-1 #4914 pulls out of Philadelphia's 30th Street Station on August 9, 1967, under a maze of overhead catenary.

need of either extensive repair or replacement. Amtrak has a Pittsburgh firm working on a proposal, with a decision due by the time you read this. Estimates are $100 million for a new bridge; $15 million to repair the existing 4500-foot span. The biggest headache for Amtrak is the center swing span, which takes an hour and 40 men to operate. Look for a new bridge to eliminate this mess. In 1964, I spent some time at Perryville watching the Pennsy, and they had a 25 mph speed restriction across the bridge for all trains.

Finally, do you realize that the new CSX (Chessie System/Family Lines) will all but obliterate the image of the country's first railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio? Many concerned people in Baltimore and other original B&O territory do, and they're complaining. They want the new, mighty system to include B&O in the name, if not be named B&O outright. It seems that the State of Maryland exempted B&O from paying taxes when it started operating in 1830, so long as there was a B&O. Question is: is that the B&O there in the Patapsco Valley running through Montgomery County, or is it CSX? You can bet something has to give.

MARK LOYD, 1920 Wrocklage, Louisville, Ky., is first a railfan, then an F-unit fan. These classic models, once almost as common as boxcars, are quickly passing from the scene. Mark has compiled a list of owners (largely operators, too, but this varies from day to day) of all F-units in North America. We have included F-3's through F-9's; also FP-7's and FL-9's:

Alaska RR, 13 units.
Amtrak, 6 FL-9's.
Bangor & Aroostook, 6 F-3's.
Bessemer & Lake Erie, 5 F-7A; 2 F-7B.
Boston & Maine, 3 F-7A; 4 F-7B, stored.
Boston MBTA, 19 rebuilt GM&O F-3A's.
Burlington Northern, 63 A units; 50 B units. (42 units for sale.)
Chicago & North Western, 20 A; 10 B units.
Chicago RTA, 10 A units.
Clinchfield Coal Co., 1 F-7A.
Clinchfield RR, 2 A; 2 B units.
Conrail MTA (New York), 45 FL-9's.
Electro-Motive Div., 1 F-9A (test unit).
Erie Mining Co., 5 F-9A; 6 F-9B's.
Haysi RR, 1 F-3B controlled without cab.
Illinois Central Gulf, 2 ex-GM&O F-3's, stored.
Kansas City Southern, 21 units.
Louisiana & Northwest, 5 F-7A; 1 FP-7.
Milwaukee Road, 31 A units; 12 B units (all stored).
Missouri-Kansas-Texas, 3 A; 3 B units.
Philadelphia SEPTA, 3 ex-Reading FP-7's.
Pittsburgh & Conneaut Dock Co., 3 F-7A; 2 F-7B (ex-BLE).
Rio Grande (D&RGW), 1 F-9A; 2 F-9B (used in passenger service).
Rock Island, 3 A units. Stored at Silvis after RI folded.
Soo Line, 11 A units.
Southern, 4 FP-7's.
U.S. Steel, 1 ex-BLE F-7 in West Virginia, 7 ex-BLE F-7's in Wyoming.
Western Pacific, 4 A units.

U.S. totals (Nov. 1 1980) 395 Active: 288
Canada: Stored: 107

Canadian National, 30 A units; 10 B units.
Canadian Pacific, 10 A units; 19 B units.
Ontario Northland, 11 FP-7's.
VIA Rail, 64 A units; 39 B units.

Total active: 183 units.

THERE ARE F-UNITS in Mexico but no good info. exists as to their status on National of Mexico and Sonora-Baja California. SBC was the last known owner of the FT model (ex-Northern Pacific, one A unit, one B). Five years ago these locos were in poor condition and out of service. Chihuahua Al Pacifico also is listed as having two F's at the end of 1979, but with the recent upheaval in National of Mexico's motive power, nothing is certain as to what older power remains. *Request:* Has anybody got access to an NdeM roster?

ROBERT COLTRANE, P.O. Box 114, Sophia, NC 27350, chips in with some history on his hometown road, now part of the Southern. Actually, the 28-mile line between High Point and Asheboro, N.C., which forms Sophia's only rail connection to the outside world, started out in July, 1889, as the High Point, Randleman, Asheboro & Southern. Connections with the Norfolk Southern at Asheboro and Star were torn up in the early 1950's (before 1953 for sure, as my *Official Guide* shows no connection). Until 1939, HPRA&S carried a through New York-Florida sleeper, handling the car off the Southern at High Point and transferring it to the Norfolk Southern at Asheboro. The NS in turn would give the car to the Seaboard at Raleigh. What an operation *that* must have been!

In the late 'thirties, the Southern grouped the HPRA&S and the Carolina & North Western under its protective wing, and the C&NW was made the operating company. The HPRA&S then became the Asheboro Division of the C&NW, which itself was a part of Southern Railway. In 1974, when the Southern again moved to consolidate smaller lines in its area, C&NW and Norfolk Southern were grouped, with NS the operating company. Naturally, all outward signs of the old roads are gone, all locos being lettered Southern.

Bob tells us that between the 'thirties and 1949, the road was operated with those pretty little Alco 2-8-0's that seemed so much a part of the South. In 1949, though, an Alco RS-2 appeared, followed in 1951 by the Baldwin S-12's. These were scrapped in 1964, and the road was operated with Southern GP-30's and GP-35's for about a year, when Alco RS-3's lettered Carolina & Northwestern and Interstate RR were used.

In 1967, SW-15's and NW-2's were used off and on until June, 1979, when the line saw its first MP-15. It has been MP-15 territory ever since. Bob can remember only one F unit over the line, a rebuilt F-7AM with a weed-spraying train. GP-38's have been used as work train power.

This is a late afternoon-evening operation, with fairly good traffic and prospects of more as a Goodyear Tire plant is scheduled for Asheboro. Keep us posted.

WHILE on the subject of Southern's shortline mergers and transfers of motive power, here's a story of a well-travelled old Alco RS-1 now enjoying a sort of semi-retirement on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The railroad is the Maryland & Delaware, which runs 40 miles between Seaford, Del., and Cambridge, Md., over old Penn Central rails. The road runs only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at a top speed of 15 mph with the old Alco and a two-man crew. It's a 12-hour day, but the customers appreciate it.

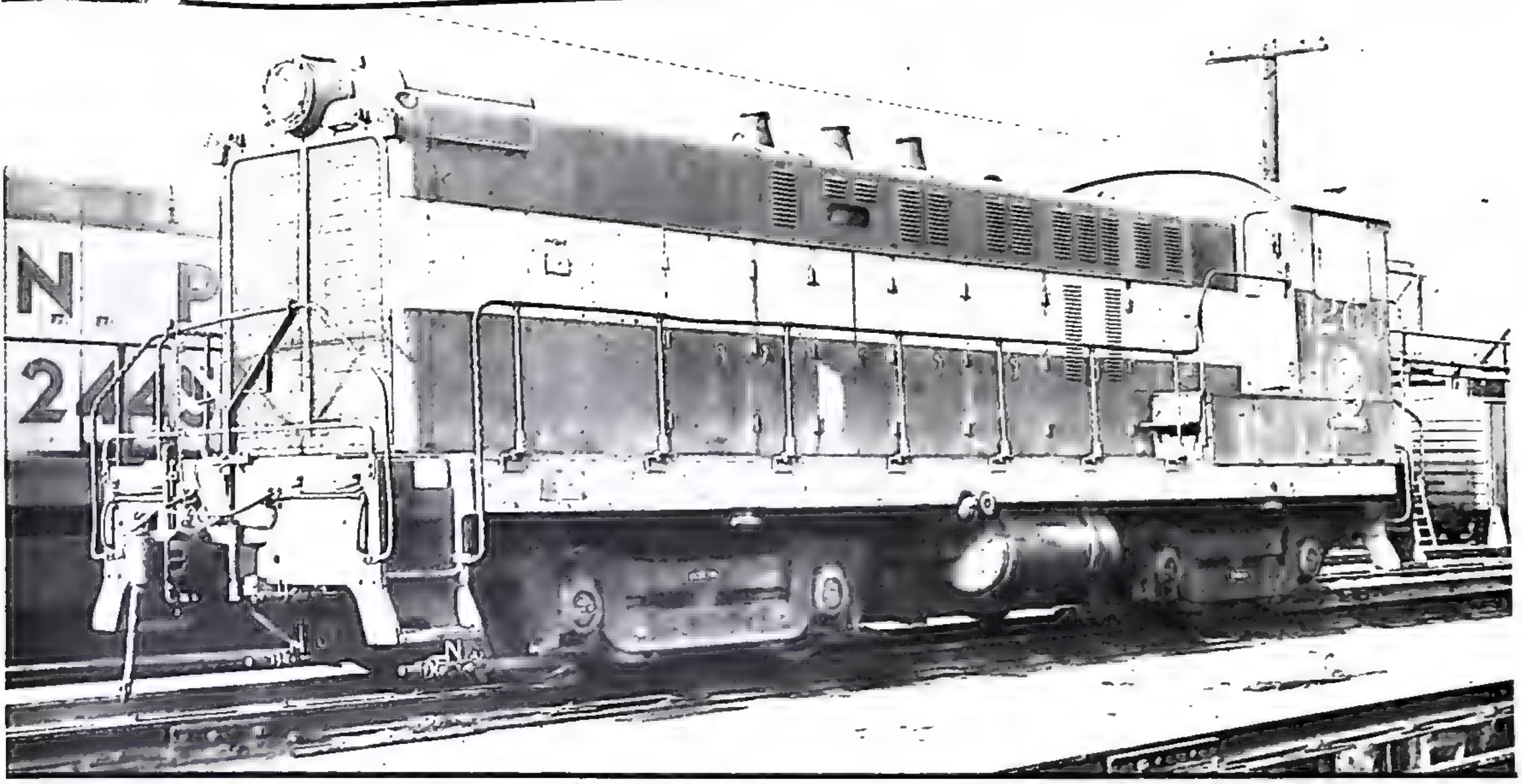
Jerry Mart

In the summer of 1980, Kentucky's Governor John Y. Brown and various bureaucrats decided that every mile of mainline trackage in the state should be inspected. The result was the FRA Special, *seen here on L&N's Evansville Division just north of Hopkinsville on Nov. 7, 1980. The engine heading the train that day is GP-38-2 No. 6031.*

Two Conrail Rectifier Electrics, Nos. 4609 and 4603, the latter still lettered Penn Central, roll a Corridor freight through the North Elizabeth station at Elizabeth, N.J., in Jan. 1978. Originally these engines were built by GE for the Virginian Railway; later, they were sold by Norfolk & Western to the New Haven.

Alfred Faella, 939 Adams Ave., Elizabeth, NJ 07201

Photograph by DiMattia



U.S. Steel's Oliver Iron Mining Division owns Baldwin S-8 No. 1203, one of the rare "Cow-Calf" sets built in 1951. She's at Denver, Colo., on the UP, being transferred from Minnesota's iron ranges to U.S. Steel's Pittsburg, Calif., plant in Oct. 1980.

The Alco RS-1, no. 22, is M&D's only loco. She was built in April, 1943, as Atlanta & St. Andrews Bay no. 905, and was used to dieselize that road's fast freight service. She was later sold to the Tennessee Railroad of Oneida, Tenn., numbered 1, and put to work in the mountains hauling coal in tandem with two or three other RS-1's, a service which was tough and dirty.

When Southern took over the Tennessee in the '70's, no. 1 was carried on the big road's roster only long enough to be peddled to the Charleston, S.C. Port Authority, where she worked the docks in that fine old Southern town. Finally, she arrived on the M&D, and is still going strong at age 38 as you read this. No question about the RS-1 being a good design.

THE PARADE of used locomotives passing through continues at Conrail's big Conway Yard. Seen recently were Upper Merion & Plymouth EMD NW-2 no. 1009, enroute to the Wisconsin Southern (loco was originally built for Missouri Pacific), Norfolk & Western GP-7 2430 (ex-NKP) going to scrap at Naporano Iron & Metals, Newark, New Jersey, and Monongahela Power & Light's no. 01, an ex-SP Alco RS-11, moving to the GE Apparatus shop in Pittsburgh for repair (she's based at the Harrison Power Plant, Haywood, W. Va.).

Also seen were Youngstown & Northern's Alco S-2 no. 224, enroute to Columbus, Ohio, for a rebuild, trade or scrap, along with Union RR's 530, another S-2, destination same. Missouri Pacific U-30-C's 2994 and 2998 were in off a Columbus freight; pool power headed back West. Conrail's last four F-7's, nos. 1726, 1733, 1772 and 1788 went east to Naporano for scrap on November 30, 1980; their last long ride. Armco Steel Corp. of Butler, Pa., is cleaning house, too: Alco S-2's 82 and 83 (which once worked for Armco in Middletown, Ohio) and Baldwin VO-660 (a rare bird) were sent to Precision National in Mt. Vernon, Ill., as trade/scrap in late October.

Apparently not all of those U.S. Steel Baldwins moved from Iron Range to the Fairless Works, as we reported in the Fall '80 issue. L. DiMattia, 1034 South Parker Road, Apt. G-1, Denver, Colo. 80231, caught U.S.S. Baldwin S-8 no. 1203 at Union Pacific's engine terminal heading to U.S. Steel at Pittsburg, Calif. She's the loco pictured new on page BLW-293 of *The Second Diesel Spotter's Guide.*

BOMBARDIER LTD., which is the old Montreal Locomotive Works, has sold 72 M-424's to three Mexican roads: NdeM nos. 9500-9552, FCP 560-575, and FUS 525-527. That marks the greatest activity in recent years from this builder. It's also the first North American order since Feb. 1977. Bombardier will be heard from again shortly with its completely new models, HR 412 and HR 616 for Canadian National. Mexico is buying GE products heavily, too; C-30-7's are being delivered and B-23-7's are on order.

THE MARYLAND-MIDLAND RR, which was slated to begin operations in April '79 finally got going on Nov. 1, 1980, with Whitcomb 65-ton "humpback" no. 102, ex-East Washington 102. M-M will operate the western portion of the old PRR York, Pa.-Frederick, Md. branch. I had originally heard that the road would operate between Littlestown, Pa., and Walkersville, Md. (24 miles), but now I hear that the line will run into Frederick—6 miles further.

The Maryland & Pennsylvania operated this line from 4/1/76 to 3/31/78, coinciding with the start of Conrail, but now the Ma & Pa will run only from York to Littlestown and M-M will provide the western connection. That old Whitcomb "humpback" is one of a legion of ex-Army brothers used in the U.S. on shortlines and in industry. How many still operate on common carrier shortlines?

F. JAMES FUTTERER, c/o Velo Sports Cyclery, 502½ First St., Cheney, Wash. 99004, enjoys working at his shop as he looks out at the Burlington Northern and Union Pacific just across the street. On Dec. 1, 1980, he spotted BN no. 4259 (Alco C-425) on a westbound grain train. This unit was thought to have been long gone. Also, Mr. Futterer reports that F units are a common sight on the BN's "Central Washington Local." Last Oct. 28, F's 808, 707, 851, 818 and 724 were the power on this freight.

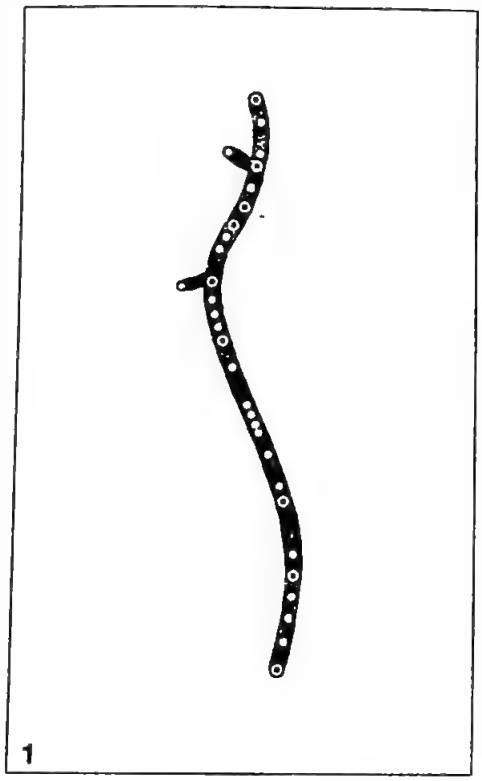
Keep the news coming. We are going to see quite a few older diesels bite the dust as the 1980's move along. Emphasis will be on rebuilding and leasing, especially in the case of the smaller operators. Let me know what you see by writing to me at 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240.

Readers' Contest No. 2

Railroad maps are as old as the railways themselves, but it was not until the 1870's when Rand McNally & Co. perfected an inexpensive engraving process that maps of railway lines came to be widely distributed.

The Official Railway Guide has featured such maps ever since it increased its page size to the present 6¼ by 9 inches in 1869. For this issue's contest we've reproduced five maps from an *Official Guide* of the last 15 years, but we've eliminated place names and other identifying characteristics that could give away the location. To enter, pick the names of the railroads whose lines are depicted in the numbered maps below.

Mail your answers in an envelope to Contest, *Railroads Illustrated*, 40 East 66th Street, New York, NY 10021. This contest is open to all readers but only one entry is allowed per reader. In the event of a tie, the earliest postmarked letter wins. Please print or type your response. First prize is $15; second prize $10, and third prize $5. Answers will be revealed in Vol. 2/ No. 1 (the issue after next), as will the names of the winning contestants.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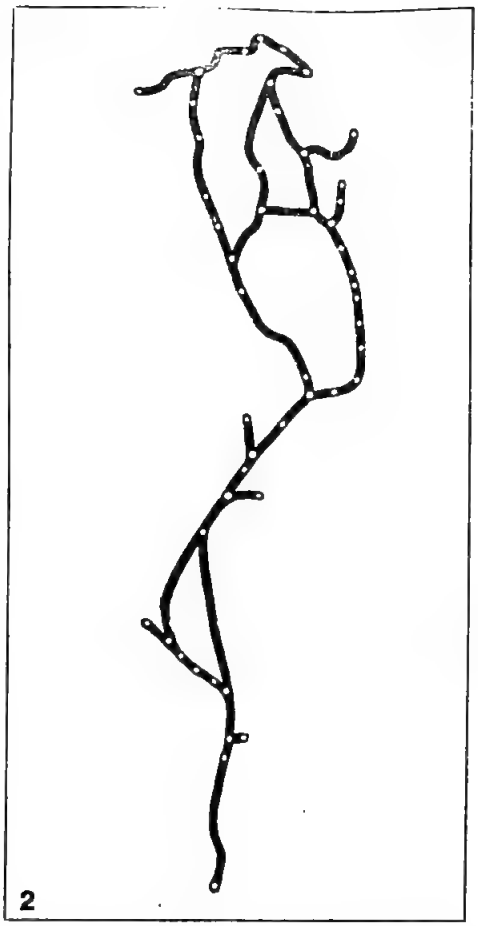
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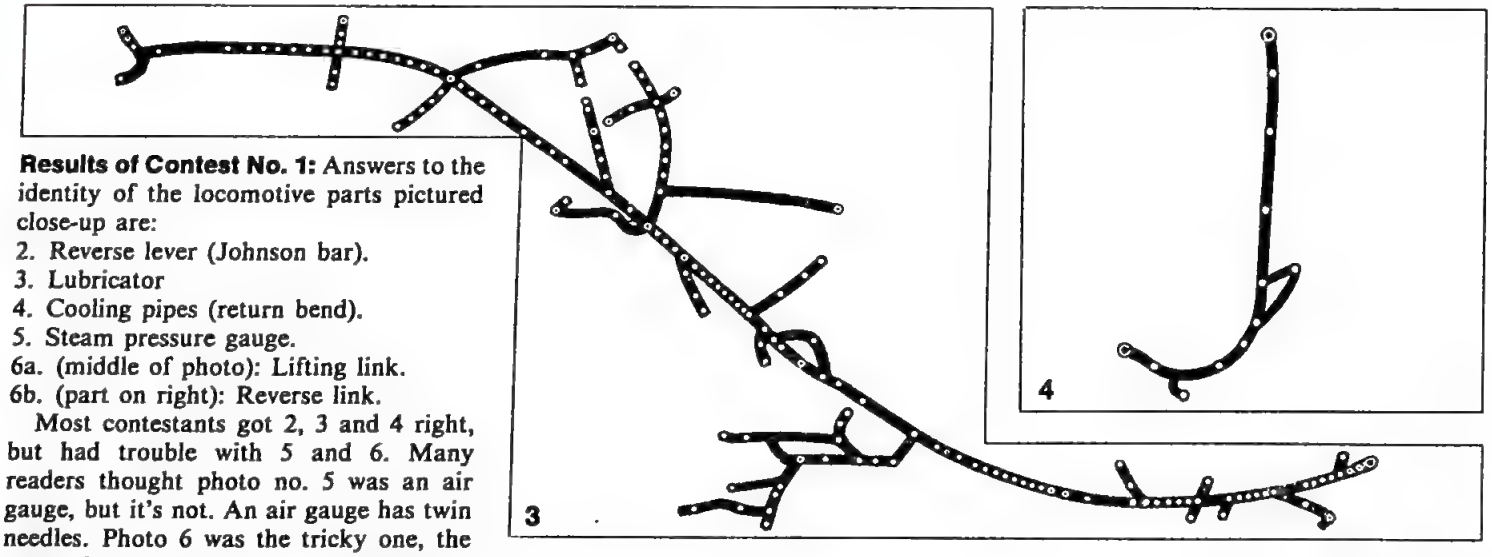
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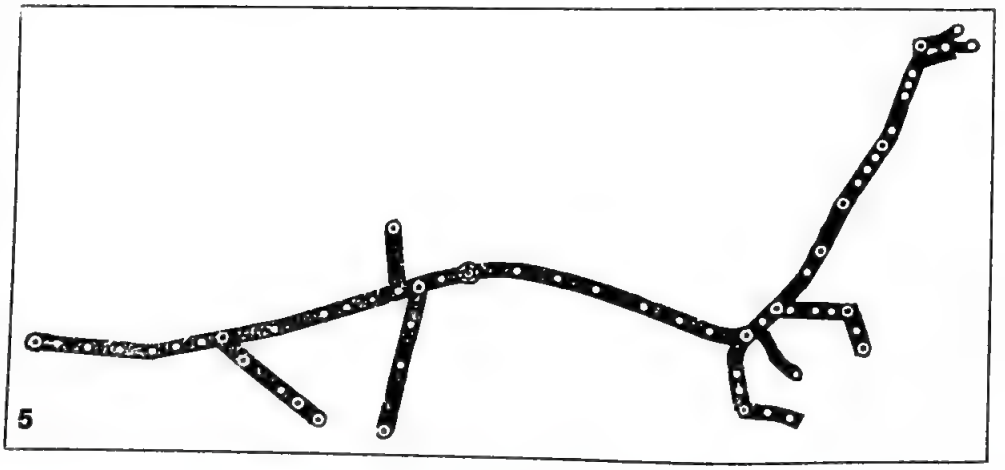
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Results of Contest No. 1: Answers to the identity of the locomotive parts pictured close-up are:

2. Reverse lever (Johnson bar).
3. Lubricator
4. Cooling pipes (return bend).
5. Steam pressure gauge.

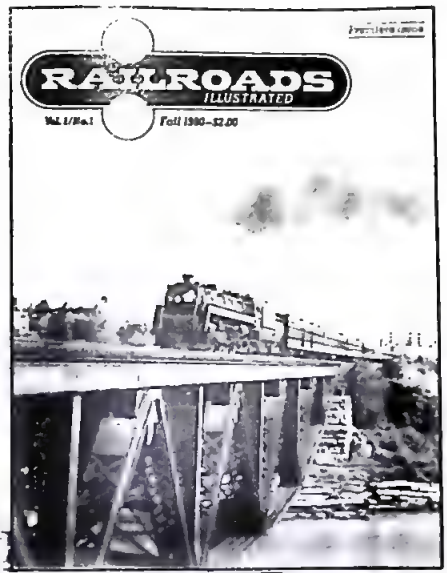
6a. (middle of photo): Lifting link.

6b. (part on right): Reverse link.

Most contestants got 2, 3 and 4 right, but had trouble with 5 and 6. Many readers thought photo no. 5 was an air gauge, but it's not. An air gauge has twin needles. Photo 6 was the tricky one, the parts shown being from a Walschaerts valve gear assembly. (Those who mentioned Walschaerts valve gear in their answer scored half a point.)

Winners: First prize went to Jack W. Rice of Huntington Park, Calif. Second was Paul J. Willenbrink of Louisville, Ky. Third prize-winner was Cliff Comer, Dayton, Ohio.

Our congratulations to the winners. Honorable mention goes to Charles Ruff, David Kolbenschlag, Ethan Robbins and C. H. Slayton. The photos were taken on the Valley Railroad, a steam-powered tourist line in Essex, Conn.



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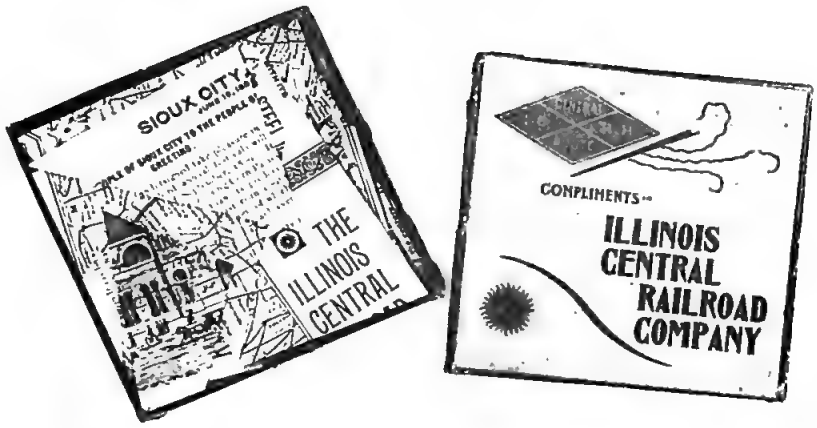
Collector's Corner

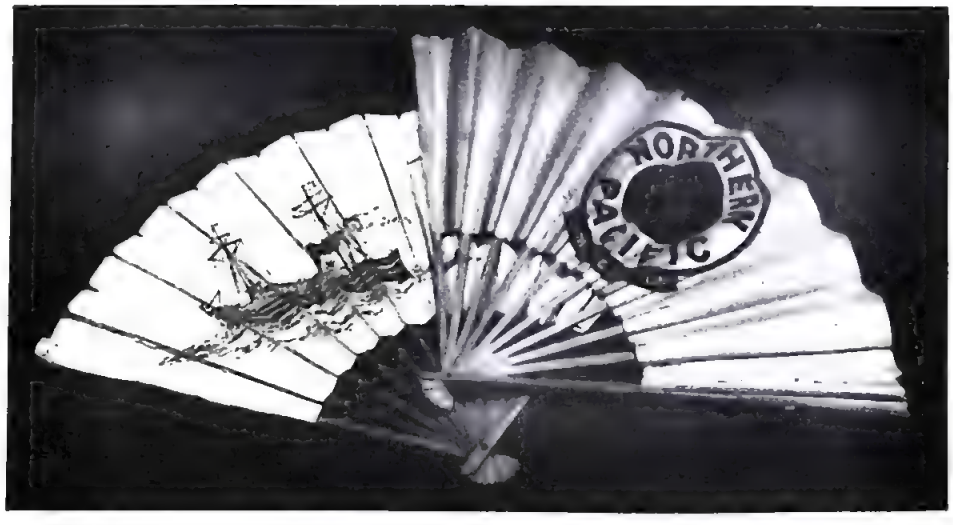
by Stanley L. Baker

All photographs by the author



A rarity is this IC jigsaw puzzle advertising the Corn Palace Celebration in 1889.

Some early lithographed tradecards from the New York, Lake Erie & Western R.R.



An unusual, now rare, freebie was this bamboo fan given away by the Northern Pacific.

Collecting Advertising Freebies

Over the years the railroads distributed a seemingly limitless number of advertising "freebies," inexpensive objects covering a wide range of promotional items, which have today become highly collectible. These delightful mementoes constitute a collecting category in themselves and are eagerly sought after, with prices for them steadily on the rise.

One of the earliest such giveaways came in the unlikely form of a jigsaw puzzle. Visitors to the Corn Palace Celebration at Sioux City, Iowa, during the summer of 1889 were given the two-sided cardboard puzzle, packaged in a small box, by the Illinois Central Railroad. When all the pieces fitted together, the front side pictured the Corn Palace and the reverse side depicted a map of the railroad's system. Without a doubt, very few of these jigsaw puzzles have survived intact. To discover one today with all the pieces still in its original box would constitute practically a treasure of a find.

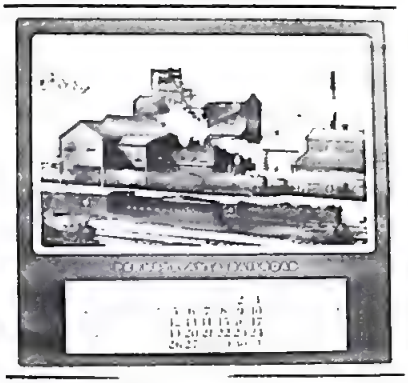
Most of the early freebies were primarily designed to promote passenger travel by train. One popular promotional item among railway managements before the turn of this century were pocket-sized advertising tradecards. These colorful pictorial lithographed cards usually depicted the pleasures of passenger travel, concentrating in the illustration and text on such attributes as the punctuality, comfort and courtesy one would encounter on a particular line's service. Nowadays, tradecards distributed by railroads that have long since been merged into other systems are becoming increasingly rare and valuable.

When Oklahoma was still Indian territory, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railway decided to entice potential patrons by handing out a celluloid-covered pocket diary with their fictitious "Katy" in a full-length dress lithographed on the front cover. In the 1890's, the Northern Pacific came up with a more unusual gimmick: NP gave away a folding hand fan, made of bamboo sticks and rice paper, to lady train travelers in order to promote trips to the Orient by steamship from Tacoma, Washington. One side of the fan featured their Monad logo; the other side an ocean-going steamer. No one knows how many of these hand fans are still around but most turn-of-the-century giveaways are now hard to come by, a lot of them commanding top dollar on today's market, with the real rarities being sold at auction houses.

With the arrival of the 20th century, the railroads became even more publicity conscious and virtually inundated the country with freebies. Millions of pencils were handed out, the railroad's name prominently printed on them together with catchy advertising slogans. As you might ex-

pect, the mortality rate for wooden lead pencils was high, and most were ground down to mere stubs, then discarded. Blotters and rulers advertising popular name-trains were given away as well. When the ballpoint replaced the fountain pen, however, distribution of ink blotters soon stopped so that those from long defunct roads now sell for as much as $15, which should give you a fair idea of the prices of collectibles in this particular category.

Colorful celluloid buttons like these were once handed out to the general public.



A 1942 Pennsy wall calendar.

Calendars were one of the railroads' biggest giveaways over the years and were available free of charge to anybody who asked for one. Calendars of every description could be seen hanging on walls in homes and offices throughout the country. This paper ephemera was good advertising for the railroads and in those days of low paper and printing costs, high-quality chromolithographed color calendars were produced at a modest expense. Generally speaking, the ones most highly prized among collectors today are those that were printed before the turn of the century. In addition, the New York Central and Pennsylvania Railroad's distinctive art calendars dating from the 1920's and 30's have become prime collector's items now, commanding high prices. As you probably know, these calendars featured superior color illustrations reproduced from original oil paintings of the two roads' famous steam locomotives and name-trains.

Another category in the "freebie" department were the countless numbers of celluloid advertising buttons handed out to the general public. These colorful pinbacks, which people attached to their clothing, bring a good price today. Another giveaway were the paper baggage stickers which passengers pasted on their luggage prior to departure. These colored labels were a sort of mark of status, showing to the world just where a passenger was going and the railroad taking him there. Unused stickers from the golden years of passenger travel are now scarce and fetching high prices.

Mint matchbooks are prized by collectors.

Of all the railroad freebies over the years, perhaps the most widely distributed were matchbooks, available most everywhere in the country. Those from the heyday of steam carried illustrations of classic trains on their covers, in addition to colorful logos and advertising slogans. Not many mint matchbooks were saved, but this is understandable since, when the last match was struck, the empty cover was simply thrown away. Collectors preferring mint books from the steam era are finding them increasingly difficult to acquire. Putting together a varied and representative collection is no longer a simple task. Back in the 1940's, by the way, collecting matchbooks became a national fad for a time. In fact, special albums were sold to mount them in. Sometimes you can find one of these old matchbook albums in antique shops or at estate sales. If you're lucky, one might contain several pages of empty matchbook covers representing the railroads.

Another item you could get for free were public timetables. Older readers will recall the days when racks of them were always filled in depots, ticket offices and travel agencies and you could help yourself to as many as you wanted. Today, of course, timetable collecting has become enormously popular, one organization devoting itself entirely to this collecting interest. Late 19th century timetables are now quite expensive, realizing premium prices at railroadiana auctions and shows. Even timetables from the first half of the 20th century are much in demand.

A Great Northern Oct. 1926 timetable.

Needless to say, it is impossible to mention everything handed out by railroads through the years, but I hope this issue's column will give the railroadiana collector a taste of the innumerable items to look for in the field of railroad advertising freebies.

The Roundhouse Drudge

Condensation of a fiction story by Frank L. Packard

He wasn't much to look at nor of much use on the Hill Division. His real name was Arnold Hospitzer, but everyone called him "Spitzer." His parents had come from Switzerland and settled at Big Cloud in the Canadian Rockies because they loved mountains. There Arnold was born. His father, a railway mechanic, had a job on the Transcontinental. Arnold was short, snub-nosed, and freckle-faced, strong for his age but with washed-out blue eyes that seemed to apologize for his existence.

When he was sixteen, his old man fell to his death from a crane, leaving him alone with an invalid mother who died shortly afterward. Tommy Regan, the plump little master mechanic, took pity on the kid and put him to work in the roundhouse. Some fellows rise to occasions, but Spitzer didn't. An inferiority complex. His father had been so dominating that the boy could scarcely call his soul his own.

His weak voice made things worse. Nobody thought much of Spitzer. They all knew him, of course—that is those whose duties took them into his orbit, the roundhouse at St. Cloud. Nobody gave him credit for courage or ambition. Even on pay day, he accepted his check as though it were a favor he really hadn't earned.

Day after day he did his work, like a faithful dog. Lacking initiative, he never got ahead. He just kept sweeping out the roundhouse and puttering around, running errands for every Tom, Dick, and Harry who beckoned him. Year in, year out, he swept the hard cement floor, cleaned up after everyone else, and wiped dirt and grease off the locomotives. What he learned about engines was considerable, but it didn't do him any good.

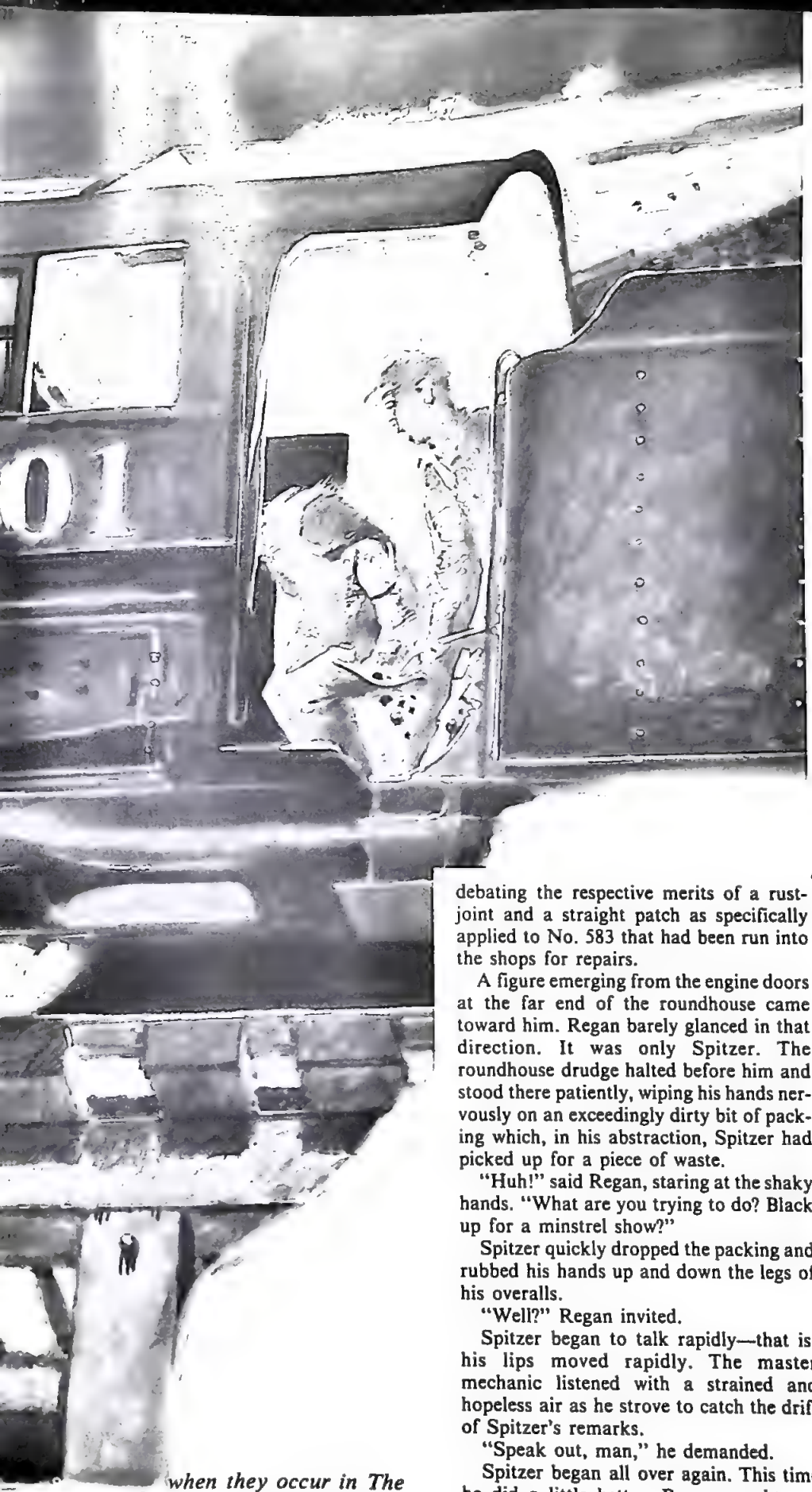
Promotion and Spitzer were antithetical. When vacancies came up, others got them. Men who had started after he did moved along, firing, driving spare, and then becoming full-fledged hoggers, while Spitzer still wiped and swept the roundhouse. Carleton, the super, called him a landmark, which hit the bull's-eye. Summer, winter, fall and spring, good weather and bad, five-foot-five-with-his-boots-on Spitzer, toting a little tin dinner pail, trudged down Railroad Avenue in Big Cloud and reported to the Transcontinental's roundhouse at precisely the same time every morning—five minutes of seven. Never a miss, never a slip, always five minutes of seven.

The train crews got to setting their watches by him, and the dispatchers wired the meteorological observatory every time their chronometer didn't tally—that is, tally with Spitzer—and the meteorological crowd put Spitzer first across the tape every shot. It was just the same at night, only then Spitzer went out by the six o'clock whistle.

Ten hours a day, Sundays off, sometimes, wiping, sweeping, sweeping, wiping, from his boarding-house to the roundhouse in the morning, from the roundhouse to his boarding-house at night. That was Spitzer, self-effacing and modest. Night times he just didn't exist, like a tool laid away after the day's work. No one knew or cared anything about Spitzer after the six o'clock whistle blew, until 6:55 next morning. That is, none of the railroad crowd knew or cared. They were Big Cloud; they owned it, ran it, absorbed it, and properly so, since Big Cloud was a divisional point.

Tommy Regan was not easily jolted, yet Spitzer jolted the fat little master mechanic more than once. It started one morning after he'd made a critical inspection of his pets in the roundhouse—big mountain types from the Montreal Locomotive Works. He leaned against the push-bar on the turntable mentally

Some accidents in railroading are worse. . . than a broken crank-pin and a rod amuck, but not



when they occur in The Pass, where derailment at racing speed spelt death, quick and sudden.

ILLUSTRATION BY HERB MOTT

debating the respective merits of a rust-joint and a straight patch as specifically applied to No. 583 that had been run into the shops for repairs.

A figure emerging from the engine doors at the far end of the roundhouse came toward him. Regan barely glanced in that direction. It was only Spitzer. The roundhouse drudge halted before him and stood there patiently, wiping his hands nervously on an exceedingly dirty bit of packing which, in his abstraction, Spitzer had picked up for a piece of waste.

"Huh!" said Regan, staring at the shaky hands. "What are you trying to do? Black up for a minstrel show?"

Spitzer quickly dropped the packing and rubbed his hands up and down the legs of his overalls.

"Well?" Regan invited.

Spitzer began to talk rapidly—that is, his lips moved rapidly. The master mechanic listened with a strained and hopeless air as he strove to catch the drift of Spitzer's remarks.

"Speak out, man," he demanded.

Spitzer began all over again. This time he did a little better. Regan caught and repeated the words, "A dollar twenty-five." Spitzer brightened visibly, and nodded. Regan stared in bewilderment. Gradually it dawned on him that the guy was asking for a raise.

"A dollar twenty-five," Regan echoed.

Misinterpreting his tone, Spitzer decided he had asked too much. He was already getting $1.15 a day. "A dollar twenty," he compromised.

"How long you been working here?"

"Six years," was the faint reply.

"Good Lord, six years! A dollar twenty-five, h'm? Well, I dunno, I guess we can manage that." A new thought struck Regan. "What do you want the money for?"

Spitzer only grinned sheepishly, murmured thanks, and walked back to disappear in the roundhouse. Regan was dazed. He ordered a patch on the 583 and figured how much $1.15 a day came to for a year, barring Sundays. Then he did the same with $1.25 and compared the totals. Spitzer's demand hadn't been exorbitant, but its unexpectedness upset the master mechanic. That night after supper he unburdened himself to Superintendent Carleton and a few others at division headquarters, upstairs over the station.

Carleton grinned. "It's been a long time coming, like the old story of water wearing down the stone."

"Why does a guy like that need more money," Spence, the chief dispatcher, inquired in astonishment.

Regan glared. "That's what I asked him, but since then I've been doing some arithmetic. Thirty dollars and eighty cents a year ain't a helluva lot more to spend."

"Better look out for Spitzer from now on," Carleton warned. "His emancipation has begun."

"I gave him the raise," said Regan, "the first yip I've heard out of him in six years."

"You'll hear more," prophesied Carleton.

And Regan did. Not at once, not for several weeks. But in the meantime a change came over Spitzer. He continued to report at 6:55 every morning, sweep and wipe, and keep himself in the background, but was changed nevertheless. It began the day after he got his raise. That morning, while sweeping out as usual, he was also whistling—which was not usual. A month to the day from the first interview Spitzer tackled the master mechanic again. He stammered once or twice in an effort to begin—and his effort was utter failure.

Regan eyed him in distrust, Something had gone wrong. Maybe Carleton was right. "Well, you got your raise. Ain't you satisfied?"

Spitzer nodded dumbly. "I want to get—" The last word trailed off incoherently.

"You want to get what?" growled Regan.

"Firing," blurted Spitzer after a struggle.

Regan gasped. Spitzer firing a locomotive! He couldn't have heard straight. "Say it again."

"Firing," repeated the roundhouse drudge.

"Yes, I got it," the master mechanic said to himself. "He wants to go firing."

"I can do it, Mr. Regan. I just *got* to."

"Eh, what's that? You got to?"

Spitzer's face went the color of a horizontal semaphore arm, a deep red. He was suffering acutely.

"Well," prodded Regan. "Answer me."

Spitzer gulped down his Adam's apple hard, twice. "I'm gonna get married to Merla Swenson."

Regan's eyes fairly popped. Spitzer the runt and Merla Swenson, a six-foot Swedish woman, flaxen-haired, stolid, and heavy-boned! Romance in caricature.

"Haw!" he roared. "Haw, haw! Haw, haw, haw!" And again, only louder, his fat body convulsed with merriment. Two curious helpers poked their noses out of the roundhouse doors to see what was happening.

Regan's paunch shook like jelly. As he straightened up preparatory to another burst of guffaws he saw Spitzer still standing before him and caught the look of misery on the applicant's grimy face. And in that illuminating moment he realized what neither he nor anyone had sensed before—that Spitzer, too, was human. Regan coughed, choked, and cleared his throat.

"Firing?" he said with grave consideration. "I'm afraid not, Spitzer. You're not fit for it. You're not big enough."

Spitzer dashed a hand across his eyes. "I *can* fire," he said with a surprising show of spirit, "an' I *got* to. There's smaller men than me doing it."

"What do you mean by 'got to'?"

The roundhouse drudge shifted uneasily and kicked at the ground. "Merla an' me has been making up for quite a while," he stammered, "but she wouldn't say nothing one way or the other till I got a raise."

"Well, you got it," said Regan.

Spitzer bobbed his head miserably. "Yes, an' now she says 'tain't enough to get married on. We'll have to wait till I get firing."

"Good Lord!" murmured Regan, mopping his brow in perplexity. "Look here, Spitzer, there's no use talking about firing and I ain't going to let you build up false hopes. But you needn't feel glum about it. She loves you, don't she?"

"Yes, she says she does."

"Well, then, when you get to know as much about women as I do, you'll know that nothing else counts—nothing but the love, I mean. It's their nature, and they're all alike." Regan waved his hands expansively. "It'll be all right. You'll see. She won't hold out on that line."

But Spitzer had a dejected droop of his shoulders as he started back to the roundhouse, not at all convinced that Merla Swenson was like other women.

Regan couldn't have kept the story secret to save his life, and it didn't take long for the Hill Division to get it. They all got it: train and engine crews on the way freights, locals, extras, and regulars, the office staff and shop hands, trackwalkers and section gangs, down to the last car tink. At first the division was incredulous, then it howled with glee.

It's an ill wind, indeed, that blows nobody any good. "Dutchy" Damrosch, who had the lunch counter rights at Big Cloud, did the business of his life after the news got out, more business than he'd dreamed of. Maybe you wonder what this had to do with Spitzer. Well, a whole lot. Merla Swenson was a counter girl in Dutchy's establishment. To see a girl who loved Spitzer was worth the price of coffee and sinkers any time.

That lunch counter took on the air of a dime museum. The visitors questioned Merla, suspecting a frame-up, with the hoax on themselves. Merla settled all doubts on that score. Unruffled, she answered the same question forty times a day, and each time the same way: "Yah, I love Arnold Spitzer."

There was nothing else to be said. A few, very few—and as the days passed their number thinned rapidly—had the rudeness to snicker audibly. Nobody did it more than once. With arms akimbo and hands on hips, the mighty Merla advanced to the edge of the counter with a look in her steel-grey eyes that was far from inviting, and inquired: "Him a good man, I think?"

The offender would nod briefly, bury his nose in his coffee mug, dig for a dime or two to square his account with Dutchy, and go out to the station platform.

This was all very well; but unless Regan should die and his place be taken by someone with a little more—or a little less—imagination, Spitzer's chances of putting a plain gold ring on Merla's finger were about as good as a plugged nickel. Furthermore, as Spitzer had suspicioned and now discovered, Mr. Regan wasn't the last word on women. Not that Merla put firing before love, but she was uncommonly strong on firing. Arnold Hospitzer was not happy.

Regan being alive, Spitzer would eventually have known a cold and frustrated old age while Merla Swenson, in time, might have died a virgin—if it hadn't been for a few unripe crab-apples. Yes, crab-apples. That's the way Opportunity knocked on Spitzer's door. It's odd how things happen sometimes, come to think of it.

The runt's nocturnal habits, which meant nothing to the railroad crowd at Big Cloud, had a part in this metamorphosis. If you've ever been to Big Cloud, you know that the Transcontinental Railway station and the lunch counter are one, located in the baggage and freight shed. Behind that shed it is very dark at night. Merla shared her upstairs sleeping quarters with Dutchy's other counter girl, a native of Montana. Those quarters were unsuitable for entertaining guests, particularly the kind you hold hands with.

So at 8:00 p.m. on Merla's night off, Spitzer would sneak down through the fields and across the station platform, weather permitting, while at the same time Merla would don her fancy bonnet and go for a walk. What happened on those walks will never be known to anyone but Merla, Spitzer, and God.

When the depot clock struck ten and, coincidentally, train Number One's mellow-chimed whistle sounded from crag to crag and down the mountainside, Merla would retrace her steps through the darkness to the upstairs rear of the lunch counter. Also, Spitzer would make his way across the platform to the fields in the direction of the town and his boarding-house.

Of late, the roundhouse drudge had taken to lingering on the platform at the far end where it was also dark and deserted. Here he'd wistfully gaze at the big ten-wheeler, with valves popping and steam drumming at her gages, as she waited on the siding just in front of him—they changed engines at Big Cloud in those days—to back down on Number One, the *Imperial Limited*, for the first stretch of the mountain run. That was Hal Burke's run, at this time with the 503, and "Big Jim" MacAloon looked after the shovel end of it.

When the splendid train pulled out, Spitzer would sigh as he watched her vanishing tail lights. Each time, the same performance. Ten minutes or so before the *Imperial*, westbound, was due, MacAloon would run the well-cleaned 503 out of the roundhouse, over the turntable, up the line, and back her onto the siding. Then Burke would appear, light a torch, and poke around with his long-spouted oilcan.

One night things happened differently, because of a crab-apple tree that grew by the siding. The station clock had struck ten, Merla had gone back reluctantly to her domicile, and Spitzer had wandered as usual to the far end of the platform; but this night the *Imperial* was late.

Spitzer heard a sudden, wild scream of pain. He trembled. It came again. The blood left his cheeks. He saw Burke fly around the end of the pilot of the 503, the torch dancing in his hand, and make for the cab. Spitzer leaped from the station platform to the track and ran in the same direction. Then the safety valve popped with a roar that drowned out all other sounds. He clambered cautiously into the cab.

On the floor, Big Jim MacAloon looked

like a w[illegible]ing p[illegible]on and all the while he groaned [illegible]nd yell[illegible]. Burke bent over him with a [illegible]orried [illegible]ce, suddenly reached forward and picked up a small, round green, object, then another, and another. Spitzer craned over, attracting Burke's notice for the first time. The hogger's look of anxiety gave way to a sense of relief as he held out the objects to Spitzer—to Spitzer, just as if he wasn't the roundhouse drudge at all but an ordinary man.

"Crab-apples," said Burke. "They gave Jim the cramps. Nothing worse than that. He'll get over it in due time, but not right away."

At that moment came Number One's long, clear, siren note. Back over the tender a streak of light shot out in a wide circle from around a butte, shimmered along the rails, and lit up the platform as the *Imperial Limited* thundered, five minutes late, into the straight stretch.

Burke yelled: "Damn it, I've got to find a man to fire! Spitzer, you run like hell to the roundhouse and—"

Spitzer stopped him. Here was the chance of a lifetime. There are moments when men rise above themselves, above habit, above environment, above everything, even if only for an instant. If only he could fire one trip, Spitzer reasoned, maybe Regan would change his mind. He grasped at it eagerly.

"Mr. Burke," he fairly screamed, "*I can fire!* Give me a chance! I'll never get one if you don't."

Burke gasped for a moment. Then he chuckled. No one but Burke knows what decided him. Maybe Spitzer's pleading face or maybe the desire to take a rise out of Regan, with whom he had been at odds since the last rules agreement was signed.

The engineer pointed to the squirming fireman, grunted, "Take his feet!" Together they lifted and dragged the stricken MacAloon gently out of the cab and to the ground. The 1108, pulling the *Imperial,* had come to a stop abreast of them by now, and Burke shouted to the engine crew: "Here! Lend a hand!" As both men stood on the gangway, he and Spitzer boosted the fireman up to them.

"Got cramps. Fix him up in the roundhouse. Five minutes late, h'm? Well, hurry; you're clear! There's your highball. Pull out and let me get hold."

Hal Burke turned to Spitzer as the 1108 slipped away from the baggage car and moved up the track. He pointed to the gangway of his own engine.

"Get in," he said grimly. "You've got your chance to fire. But so help me, if you let me down you'll never again work on this pike."

While Tommy Regan was quarreling amiably with Carleton over a chess game upstairs in the station, the 503, with an exultant Spitzer in the cab, backed down on the great *Imperial Limited* and coupled on for the mountain run. There was a quick testing of the "air," then a hurried running up and down the platform. After that, Burke, leaning from the cab window with arm stretched out and fingers on the throttle, opened her a notch, and the platform began to slide past them.

Spitzer could have sung for joy. It was up to him to keep the gage needle at 210 pounds all the way. With a jerk of the chain, he swung the furnace door wide and shot a shovelful of coal, neatly scattered, over the grate. He was not without art, for in a way he'd had years of experience; but banking a fire in the roundhouse was quite different from nursing a roaring pit of flame to its highest pitch of efficiency in a swaying, lurching cab.

Notch by notch, Burke was letting her out. Her exhaust barked like a machine gun. Five minutes late in the mountains on a time schedule that called for more chances than the passengers paid for—well, it's five minutes, that's all. Some men would have left it for the Pacific Division crew the next day on a level track and a straight sweep—but not Hal Burke.

So far all was well. Rough country lay ahead, and Spitzer was happy. His pulse was beating in tune with the dancing needle on the gage. Again he swung the door open. The red glare lighted up the sky and played on features that Regan would never have known for Spitzer's—they were set and determined, covered with sweat beads that glistened like diamonds.

As the 503 shot suddenly around a curve a shovelful of coal was scattered all over the cab and, including Burke, hit almost everything in sight but the objective point aimed at. Spitzer gyrated like a back handspring. Landing well up on the tender, he rolled to the cab floor again with an accompanying avalanche of coal. He picked himself up, glanced apprehensively at the engineer. There was neither a scowl nor grin on Burke's face, just an encouraging flirt of the hand—but that was momentous. Spitzer got his second wind.

At first, from time to time, Burke leaned over his levers to glance at the pressure gage. Then his mood changed. Crouching a little farther forward in his seat, he held his eyes on the track ahead where the electric headlight's beam flooded the glittering ribbons of steel. He was getting what MacAloon or no other fireman had ever given him before—210 pounds of steam all the way. Spitzer, of all people, was firing Number One, the *Imperial Limited* westbound on the mountain run and now only *three* minutes late!

Came the whistle scream, the clattering crash over yard switches, a blurred vision of dark outlines dotted with scintillating points, and a town with its rural depot, yard, lights, switches—and immediately all were behind them. They thundered over a long steel trestle. Thief Creek. Just ahead was The Pass, straight enough for its quarter-mile stretch, but where the rock walls on either side were so close that you'd almost expect them to scratch paint off the handsome rolling stock.

Spitzer felt the racer's forward leap as Burke threw her wide open again. He bent for his shovel. Then came a tearing, rending crash, a scream from Burke, and the right-hand side of the cab seemed torn in two.

A flying piece of woodwork that struck him across the eyes, a terrific jolt as the engine lifted and fell back, sent Spitzer headlong to the cab floor. Dazed, half mad with pain and blood streaming from his forehead, he staggered to his feet.

Burke lay coiled inertly in front of the firebox door. A whizzing chunk of steel rose up, slithered, gashed a mark of ruin for itself, and was gone. It had missed Burke by only a hair's breadth! Next time there might not be even that small safety margin. With a cry, Spitzer leaped forward and dragged the unconscious man across the cab. Again came a jolt, a stagger, and a desperate wrench. To Spitzer it seemed like years, like eternity in a passing second. Some accidents in railroading are worse, much worse, than a broken crank-pin and a rod amuck, but not when they occur in The Pass, where derailment at racing speed spelt death, quick and sudden.

There was just one chance for the trailing string of coaches and Pullmans, just one for every last soul aboard—Arnold Hospitzer! But between him and the throttle and the air latch a steel menace rose and fell, now swinging a deadly arc through the shattered side of the cab, now grinding into the ties and roadbed. With every revolution it threatened to pitch the 503 with the *Imperial Limited* headlong from the rails to crumple like egg shells against the walls that lined The Pass!

Just one chance for train crew and passengers—Spitzer, five feet five, diffident and self-effacing! Spitzer, the roundhouse drudge. With a dry choking sob, he flung himself forward in an effort to stop the train. His hands clutched at the levers. There was a hiss and the hard bite of brakeshoes. Then a blinding light before his eyes as the flying rod caught him. He pitched senseless, half out through the front cab window, head down on the running board, as the *Imperial* eased to a stop.

The last word is usually a woman's. It's her inalienable right. Said big-boned Merla Swanson to Tommy Regan, when her man was getting well enough to consider going to work again: "Arnold Spitzer make good fireman and I love him."

"Well," said the master mechanic, "there ain't anything I know of to keep you waiting. He can name the run he wants." □

Railroad Reviews

by Albert Herskovits

Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R.R.
Harold H. McLean
236 pages, 8¾x11¼", hardcover, $29.95
Golden West Books, 1980

The P&LE is one of those happy success stories of a sober, independent-minded railroad that prospered from the very day it started hauling coal and iron ore from Pittsburgh to Youngstown in 1879. Even in the Great Depression it never missed a dividend payment and contributed much to the bottom line of the New York Central, which controlled it from 1883. Its canny management, including the late John Barriger, with whom the author was associated, always seemed able to adjust quickly to changing conditions. And true to form, when Conrail was in the process of being formed in 1974, the road lost no time in persuading Congress to let it remain outside that system (in retrospect a wise decision).

Mr. McLean, a railroad lawyer who served as general counsel to the P&LE, does a good job of telling this upbeat story. As you might expect, given the author's background, legal matters often intrude into the text. This can be irritating at times, possibly because it is unfamiliar: most company histories gloss over such mysterious topics as capital stock subscriptions, construction contracts and trust deeds. Nevertheless, these matters do count and shed much light on the aims and motives of those involved. Have you ever wondered how a Vanderbilt went about gaining control of a rival railroad? Mr. McLean explains it all so that even those of us without a shred of legal training will understand how it was done. Legal tangles with the Penn Central in 1970-1 are also discussed.

There is much else in the book, however. Like the men who founded and shaped the railroad (including one gentleman who made his $6 million fortune peddling a patent medicine liberally laced with alcohol). Motive power acquisitions, passenger and commuter operations, structures and stations are dealt with comprehensively. The text is enhanced with numerous well-selected photos of everything from bridges and sand towers to timetables and passes; plus several dozen views of the road's steam and diesel engines in action.

The author's writing style is somewhat ponderous at times and more attention could have been paid to day-to-day operations—a few first person accounts from an engine crew would have been useful. But these are not major shortcomings and this book should appeal to the serious historian and railfan alike. Included is a detailed all-time roster and fold-out map.

The Putnam Division
Daniel R. Gallo and Frederick A. Kramer
80 pages, 8½x11", softcover, $8.95
Quadrant Press, Inc., 1981

If you were asked to name the location of a railroad that routinely used 4-4-0 types on mainline passenger runs well into the 1930's, and that illuminated its depots with kerosene lamps into the 1950's, chances are you might think of the rural South or a small granger road in the Midwest. The fact is that this anachronistic and slightly zany operation ran on the rails of the mighty New York Central—on its Putnam division, just a few miles north of New York City and terminating within the city itself, at 155th Street in The Bronx.

The history of this unusual freight and commuter line is ably recounted by authors Gallo and Kramer whose affection for it is easy to identify with. Operating procedures and motive power changes through the years are thoroughly discussed and the text matter is enhanced by occasionally introducing us to some of the line's idiosyncratic operating personnel.

There are many fine photos, too. Some show Put engines and trains to good advantage against the highly scenic backdrop of rural Westchester and Putnam counties. Others highlight the charm of the Put's many Victorian-era depots. The inclusion of a few more maps would have been helpful, however, when the authors talk about branch line terminations, so that the reader could see for himself just where these fit in geographically. Photo reproduction is excellent, in keeping with the high standards of rail books published by the Quadrant Press.

1981 Steam Passenger Service Directory
Marvin H. Cohen, Editor
168 pages, 5½x8½", softcover, $4.50
Empire State Railway Museum, 1981.

For readers not already familiar with it, this sixteenth annual directory is a handy guide to all steam tourist and trolley operations in the U.S. and Canada. Arranged alphabetically by state, each page features a different line with a photo of the operation and information on its equipment, schedules, fares, displays and exact location. Those planning or contemplating a vacation will find it especially useful. Over 130 tourist roads and museum lines are listed and the book includes discount coupons to 34 of them. □

The Railroad In Literature

F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940)

One of my most vivid memories is of coming back West from prep school and later from college at Christmas time. Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few Chicago friends, already caught up into their own holiday gayeties, to bid them a hasty good-by. I remember the fur coats of the girls returning from Miss This-or-That's and the chatter of frozen breath and the hands waving overhead as we caught sight of old acquaintances . . . and the long green tickets clasped tight in our gloved hands. And last the murky yellow cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad looking cheerful as Christmas itself on the tracks beside the gate.

When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of small Wisconsin stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.

That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow.

—*The Great Gatsby*, 1925

(Readers are encouraged to submit quotations for possible use in this department.)

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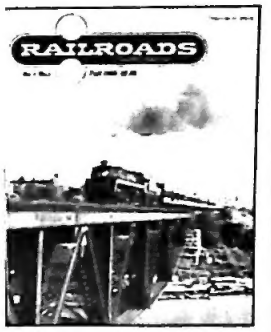

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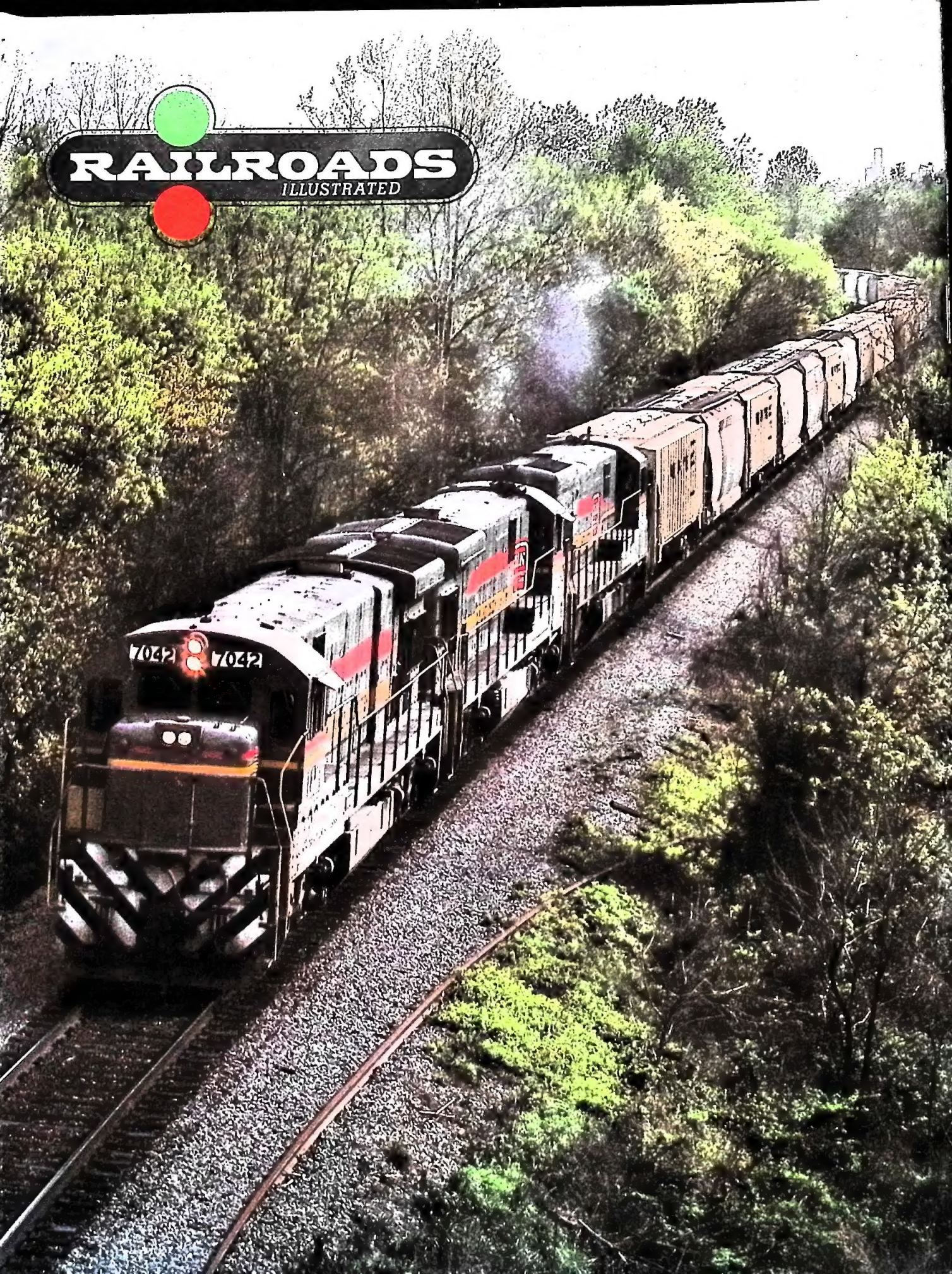
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